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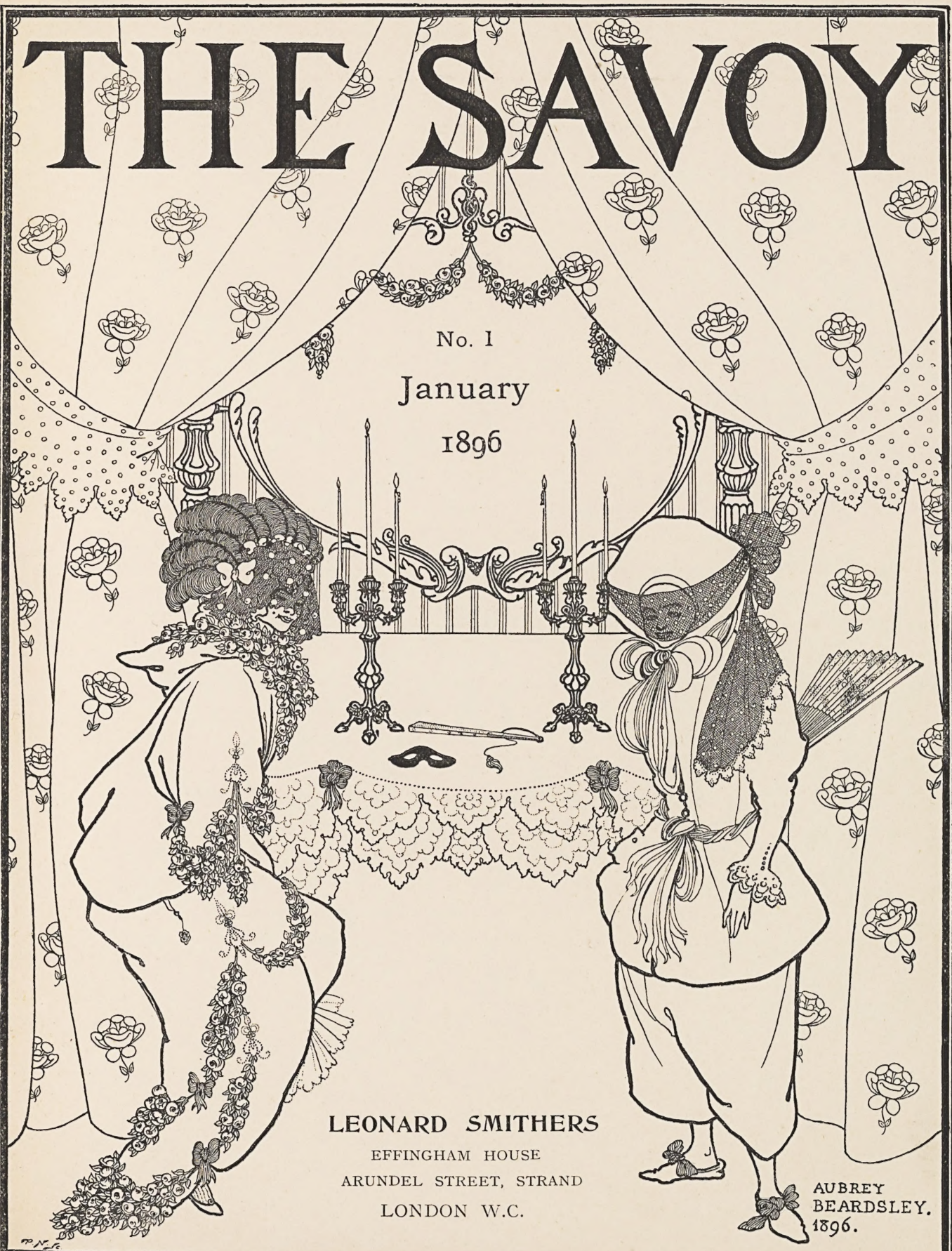

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EDITORIAL NOTE

IT is hoped that "THE SAVOY" will be a periodical of an exclusively literary and artistic kind. To present Literature in the shape of its letter-press, Art in the form of its illustrations, will be its aim. For the attainment of that aim we can but rely on our best endeavours and on the logic of our belief that good writers and artists will care to see their work in company with the work of good writers and artists. Readers who look to a new periodical for only very well-known or only very obscure names must permit themselves to be disappointed. We have no objection to a celebrity who deserves to be celebrated, or to an unknown person who has not been seen often enough to be recognised in passing. All we ask from our contributors is good work, and good work is all we offer our readers. This we offer with some confidence. We have no formulas, and we desire no false unity of form or matter. We have not invented a new point of view. We are not Realists, or Romanticists, or Decadents. For us, all art is good which is good art. We hope to appeal to the tastes of the intelligent by not being original for originality's sake, or audacious for the sake of advertisement, or timid for the convenience of the elderly-minded. We intend to print no verse which has not some close relationship with poetry, no fiction which has not a certain sense of what is finest in living fact, no criticism which has not some knowledge, discernment, and sincerity in its judgment. We could scarcely say more, and we are content to think we can scarcely say less.

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ON GOING TO CHURCH

AS a modern man, concerned with matters of fine art and living in London by the sweat of my brain, I dwell in a world which, unable to live by bread alone, lives spiritually on alcohol and morphia. Young and excessively sentimental people live on love, and delight in poetry or fine writing which declares that love is Alpha and Omega; but an attentive examination will generally establish the fact that this kind of love, ethereal as it seems, is merely a symptom of the drugs I have mentioned, and does not occur independently except in those persons whose normal state is similar to that induced in healthy persons by narcotic stimulants. If from the fine art of to-day we set aside feelingless or prosaic art, which is, properly, not fine art at all, we may safely refer most of the rest to feeling produced by the teapot, the bottle, or the hypodermic syringe. An exhibition of the cleverest men and women in London at five p.m., with their afternoon tea cut off, would shatter many illusions. Tea and coffee and cigarettes produce conversation; lager beer and pipes produce routine journalism; wine and gallantry produce brilliant journalism, essays and novels; brandy and cigars produce violently devotional or erotic poetry; morphia produces tragic exaltation (useful on the stage); and sobriety produces an average curate's sermon. Again, strychnine and arsenic may be taken as pick-me-ups; doctors quite understand that "tonics" mean drams of ether; chlorodyne is a universal medicine; chloral, sulphonal and the like call up Nature's great destroyer, artificial sleep; bromide of potassium will reduce the over-sensitive man of genius to a condition in which the alighting of a wasp on his naked eyeball will not make him wink; haschisch tempts the dreamer by the Oriental glamour of its reputation; and gin is a cheap substitute for all these anodynes. Most of the activity of the Press, the Pulpit, the Platform and the Theatre

is only a symptom of the activity of the drug trade, the tea trade, the tobacco trade and the liquor trade. The world is not going from bad to worse, it is true; but the increased facilities which constitute the advance of civilisation include facilities for drugging oneself. These facilities wipe whole races of black men off the face of the earth; and every extension and refinement of them picks a stratum out of white society and devotes it to destruction. Such traditions of the gross old habits as have reached me seem to be based on the idea of first doing your day's work and then enjoying yourself by getting drunk. Nowadays you get drunk to enable you to begin work. Shakespere's opportunities of meddling with his nerves were much more limited than Dante Rossetti's; but it is not clear that the advantage of the change lay with Rossetti. Besides, though Shakespere may, as tradition asserts, have died of drink in a ditch, he at all events conceived alcohol as an enemy put by a man into his own mouth to steal away his brains; whereas the modern man conceives it as an indispensable means of setting his brains going. We drink and drug, not for the pleasure of it, but for Dutch inspiration and by the advice of our doctors, as duellists drink for Dutch courage by the advice of their seconds. Obviously this systematic, utilitarian drugging and stimulating, though necessarily "moderate" (so as not to defeat its own object), is more dangerous than the old boozing if we are to regard the use of stimulants as an evil.

As for me, I do not clearly see where a scientific line can be drawn between food and stimulants. I cannot say, like Ninon de l'Enclos, that a bowl of soup intoxicates me; but it stimulates me as much as I want to be stimulated, which is, perhaps, all that Ninon meant. Still, I have not failed to observe that all the drugs, from tea to morphia, and all the drams, from lager beer to brandy, dull the edge of self-criticism and make a man content with something less than the best work of which he is soberly capable. He thinks his work better, when he is really only more easily satisfied with himself. Those whose daily task is only a routine, for the sufficient discharge of which a man need hardly be more than half alive, may seek this fool's paradise without detriment to their work; but to those professional men whose

art affords practically boundless scope for skill of execution and elevation of thought, to take drug or dram is to sacrifice the keenest, most precious part of life to a dollop of lazy and vulgar comfort for which no true man of genius should have any greater stomach than the lady of the manor has for her ploughman's lump of fat bacon. To the creative artist stimulants are especially dangerous, since they produce that terrible dream-glamour in which the ugly, the grotesque, the wicked, the morbific begin to fascinate and obsess instead of disgusting. This effect, however faint it may be, is always produced in some degree by drugs. The mark left on a novel in the *Leisure Hour* by a cup of tea may be imperceptible to a bishop's wife who has just had two cups; but the effect is there as certainly as if De Quincey's eight thousand drops of laudanum had been substituted.

A very little experience of the world of art and letters will convince any open-minded person that abstinence, pure and simple, is not a practicable remedy for this state of things. There is a considerable commercial demand for maudlin or nightmarish art and literature which no sober person would produce, the manufacture of which must accordingly be frankly classed industrially with the unhealthy trades, and morally with the manufacture of unwholesome sweets for children or the distilling of gin. What the victims of this industry call imagination and artistic faculty is nothing but attenuated delirium tremens, like Pasteur's attenuated hydrophobia. It is useless to encumber an argument with these predestined children of perdition. The only profitable cases are those to consider of people engaged in the healthy pursuit of those arts which afford scope for the greatest mental and physical energy, the clearest and acutest reason and the most elevated perception. Work of this kind requires an intensity of energy of which no ordinary labourer or routine official can form any conception. If the dreams of Keeleyism could be so far realised as to transmute human brain energy into vulgar explosive force, the head of Shakespere, used as a bombshell, might conceivably blow England out of the sea. At all events, the succession of efforts by which a Shaksperean play, a Beethoven symphony, or a Wagner music-drama is produced, though it may not overtax Shakespere, Beethoven

or Wagner, must certainly tax even them to the utmost, and would be as prodigiously impossible to the average professional man as the writing of an ordinary leading article to a ploughman. What is called professional work is, in point of severity, just what you choose to make it, either commonplace, easy and requiring only *ex*tensive industry to be lucrative, or else distinguished, difficult and exacting the fiercest *in*tensive industry in return, after a probation of twenty years or so, for authority, reputation and an income only sufficient for simple habits and plain living. The whole professional world lies between these two extremes. At the one, you have the man to whom his profession is only a means of making himself and his family comfortable and prosperous: at the other, you have the man who sacrifices everything and everybody, himself included, to the perfection of his work—to the passion for efficiency which is the true master-passion of the artist. At the one, work is a necessary evil and moneymaking a pleasure: at the other, work is the objective realisation of life and moneymaking a nuisance. At the one, men drink and drug to make themselves comfortable: at the other, to stimulate their working faculty. Preach mere abstinence at the one, and you are preaching nothing but diminution of happiness. Preach it at the other, and you are proposing a reduction of efficiency. If you are to prevail, you must propose a substitute. And the only one I have yet been able to hit on is—going to church.

It will not be disputed, I presume, that an unstimulated saint can work as hard, as long, as finely and, on occasion, as fiercely, as a stimulated sinner. Recuperation, recreation, inspiration seem to come to the saint far more surely than to the man who grows coarser and fatter with every additional hundred a year, and who calls the saint an ascetic. A comparison of the works of our carnivorous drunkard poets with those of Shelley, or of Dr. Johnson's dictionary with that of the vegetarian Littré, is sufficient to show that the secret of attaining the highest eminence either in poetry or in dictionary compiling (and all fine literature lies between the two), is to be found neither in alcohol nor in our monstrous habit of bringing

millions of useless and disagreeable animals into existence for the express purpose of barbarously slaughtering them, roasting their corpses and eating them. I have myself tried the experiment of not eating meat or drinking tea, coffee or spirits for more than a dozen years past, without, as far I can discover, placing myself at more than my natural disadvantages relatively to those colleagues of mine who patronise the slaughter-house and the distillery. But then I go to church. If you should chance to see, in a country churchyard, a bicycle leaning against a tombstone, you are not unlikely to find me inside the church if it is old enough or new enough to be fit for its purpose. There I find rest without languor and recreation without excitement, both of a quality unknown to the traveller who turns from the village church to the village inn and seeks to renew himself with shandygaff. Any place where men dwell, village or city, is a reflection of the consciousness of every single man. In my consciousness there is a market, a garden, a dwelling, a workshop, a lover's walk—above all, a cathedral. My appeal to the master-builder is: Mirror this cathedral for me in enduring stone; make it with hands; let it direct its sure and clear appeal to my senses, so that when my spirit is vaguely groping after an elusive mood my eye shall be caught by the skyward tower, showing me where, within the cathedral, I may find my way to the cathedral within me. With a right knowledge of this great function of the cathedral builder, and craft enough to set an arch on a couple of pillars, make doors and windows in a good wall and put a roof over them, any modern man might, it seems to me, build churches as they built them in the middle ages, if only the pious founders and the parson would let him. For want of that knowledge, gentlemen of Mr. Pecksniff's profession make fashionable pencil-drawings, presenting what Mr. Pecksniff's creator elsewhere calls an architectooralooral appearance, with which, having delighted the darkened eyes of the committee and the clerics, they have them translated into bricks and masonry and take a shilling in the pound on the bill, with the result that the bishop may consecrate the finished building until he is black in the face without making a real church of it. Can it be doubted by the pious that babies baptised in such places go to limbo if they die before

qualifying themselves for other regions; that prayers said there do not count; nay, that such purposeless, respectable-looking interiors are irreconcilable with the doctrine of Omnipresence, since the bishop's blessing is no spell of black magic to imprison Omnipotence in a place that must needs be intolerable to Omniscience? At all events, the godhead in me, certified by the tenth chapter of St. John's Gospel to those who will admit no other authority, refuses to enter these barren places. This is perhaps fortunate, since they are generally kept locked; and even when they are open, they are jealously guarded in the spirit of that Westminster Abbey verger who, not long ago, had a stranger arrested for kneeling down, and explained, when remonstrated with, that if that sort of thing were tolerated, they would soon have people praying all over the place. Happily it is not so everywhere. You may now ride or tramp into a village with a fair chance of finding the church-door open and a manuscript placard in the porch, whereby the parson, speaking no less as a man and a brother than as the porter of the House Beautiful, gives you to understand that the church is open always for those who have any use for it. Inside such churches you will often find not only carefully-cherished work from the ages of faith, which you expect to find noble and lovely, but sometimes a quite modern furnishing of the interior and draping of the altar, evidently done, not by contract with a firm celebrated for its illustrated catalogues, but by someone who loved and understood the church, and who, when baffled in the search for beautiful things, had at least succeeded in avoiding indecently commercial and incongruous ones. And then the search for beauty is not always baffled. When the dean and chapter of a cathedral want not merely an ugly but a positively beastly pulpit to preach from—something like the Albert Memorial canopy, only much worse—they always get it, improbable and unnatural as the enterprise is. Similarly, when an enlightened country parson wants an unpretending tub to thump, with a few pretty panels in it and a pleasant shape generally, he will, with a little perseverance, soon enough find a craftsman who has picked up the thread of the tradition of his craft from the time when that craft was a fine art—as may be done nowadays more easily than was possible before we had

cheap trips and cheap photographs*—and who is only too glad to be allowed to try his hand at something in the line of that tradition. Some months ago, bicycling in the west country, I came upon a little church, built long before the sense of beauty and devotion had been supplanted by the sense of respectability and talent, in which some neat panels left by a modern carver had been painted with a few saints on gold backgrounds, evidently by some woman who had tried to learn what she could from the early Florentine masters and had done the work in the true votive spirit, without any taint of the amateur exhibiting his irritating and futile imitations of the celebrated-artist business. From such humble but quite acceptable efforts, up to the masterpiece in stained glass by William Morris and Burne-Jones which occasionally astonishes you in places far more remote and unlikely than Birmingham or Oxford, convincing evidence may be picked up here and there that the decay of religious art from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth was not caused by any atrophy of the artistic faculty, but was an eclipse of religion by science and commerce. It is an odd period to look back on from the churchgoer's point of view —those eclipsed centuries calling their predecessors "the dark ages," and trying to prove their own piety by raising, at huge expense, gigantic monuments in enduring stone (not very enduring, though, sometimes) of their infidelity. Go to Milan, and join the rush of tourists to its petrified christening-cake of a cathedral. The projectors of that costly ornament spared no expense to prove that their devotion was ten times greater than that of the builders of San Ambrogio. But every pound they spent only recorded in marble that their devotion was a hundred times less. Go on to Florence and try San Lorenzo, a really noble church (which the Milan Cathedral is not),

* At the bookstall in the South Kensington Museum, any young craftsman, or other person, can turn over hundreds of photographs taken by Alinari, of Florence, from the finest work in the churches and palaces of Italy. He will not be importuned to buy, or grudged access to the portfolios, which are, fortunately, in charge of a lady who is a first-rate public servant. He can, however, purchase as many of the photographs as he wants for sixpence each. This invaluable arrangement, having been made at the public expense, is carefully kept from the public knowledge, because, if it were properly advertised, complaints might be made by English shopkeepers who object to our buying Alinari's cheap photographs instead of their own dear photographs of the Great Wheel at Earl's Court.

Brunelleschi's masterpiece. You cannot but admire its intellectual command of form, its unaffected dignity, its power and accomplishment, its masterly combination of simplicity and homogeneity of plan with elegance and variety of detail: you are even touched by the retention of that part of the beauty of the older time which was perceptible to the Renascent intellect before its weaning from heavenly food had been followed by starvation. You understand the deep and serious respect which Michael Angelo had for Brunelleschi —why he said "I can do different work, but not better." But a few minutes' walk to Santa Maria Novella or Santa Croce, or a turn in the steam-tram to San Miniato, will bring you to churches built a century or two earlier; and you have only to cross their thresholds to feel, almost before you have smelt the incense, the difference between a church built to the pride and glory of God (not to mention the Medici) and one built as a sanctuary shielded by God's presence from pride and glory and all the other burdens of life. In San Lorenzo up goes your head—every isolating advantage you have of talent, power or rank asserts itself with thrilling poignancy. In the older churches you forget yourself, and are the equal of the beggar at the door, standing on ground made holy by that labour in which we have discovered the reality of prayer. You may also hit on a church like the Santissima Annunziata, carefully and expensively brought up to date, quite in our modern church-restoring manner, by generations of princes chewing the cud of the Renascence; and there you will see the worship of glory and the self-sufficiency of intellect giving way to the display of wealth and elegance as a guarantee of social importance—in another word, snobbery. In later edifices you see how intellect, finding its worshippers growing colder, had to abandon its dignity and cut capers to attract attention, giving the grotesque, the eccentric, the baroque, even the profane and blasphemous, until, finally, it is thoroughly snubbed out of its vulgar attempts at self-assertion, and mopes conventionally in our modern churches of St. Nicholas Without and St. Walker Within, locked up, except at service-time, from week's end to week's end without ever provoking the smallest protest from a public only too glad to have an

excuse for not going into them. You may read the same history of the human soul in any art you like to select; but he who runs may read it in the streets by looking at the churches.

Now, consider for a moment the prodigious increase of the population of Christendom since the church of San Zeno Maggiore was built at Verona, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. Let a man go and renew himself for half an hour occasionally in San Zeno, and he need eat no corpses, nor drink any drugs or drams to sustain him. Yet not even all Verona, much less all Europe, could resort to San Zeno in the thirteenth century; whereas, in the nineteenth, a thousand perfect churches would be but as a thousand drops of rain on Sahara. Yet in London, with four millions and a quarter of people in it, how many perfect or usable churches are there? And of the few we have, how many are apparent to the wayfarer? Who, for instance, would guess from the repulsive exterior of Westminster Abbey that there are beautiful chapels and a noble nave within, or cloisters without, on the hidden side?

I remember, a dozen years ago, Parson Shuttleworth, of St. Nicholas Cole Abbey in the city, tried to persuade the city man to spend his mid-day hour of rest in church; guaranteeing him immunity from sermons, prayers and collections, and even making the organ discourse Bach and Wagner, instead of Goss and Jackson. This singular appeal to a people walking in darkness was quite successful: the mid-day hour is kept to this day; but Parson Shuttleworth has to speak for five minutes—by general and insistent request—as Housekeeper, though he has placed a shelf of books in the church for those who would rather read than listen to him or the organ. This was a good thought; for all inspired books should be read either in church or on the eternal hills. St. Nicholas Cole Abbey makes you feel, the moment you enter it, that you are in a rather dingy rococo banqueting-room, built for a city company. Corpulence and comfort are written on every stone of it. Considering that money is dirt cheap now in the city, it is strange that Mr. Shuttleworth cannot get twenty thousand pounds to build a real church. He would, soon enough, if the city knew what a church was. The twenty

thousand pounds need not be wasted, either, on an "architect." I was lately walking in a polite suburb of Newcastle, when I saw a church — a *new* church — with, of all things, a detached campanile; at sight of which I could not help exclaiming profanely: "How the deuce did *you* find your way to Newcastle?" So I went in and, after examining the place with much astonishment, addressed myself to the sexton, who happened to be about. I asked him who built the church, and he gave me the name of Mr. Mitchell, who turned out, however, to be the pious founder—a ship-builder prince, with some just notion of his princely function. But this was not what I wanted to know; so I asked who was the—the word stuck in my throat a little—the architect. He, it appeared, was one Spence. "Was that marble carving in the altar and that mosaic decoration round the chancel part of his design?" said I. "Yes," said the sexton, with a certain surliness as if he suspected me of disapproving. "The ironwork is good," I remarked, to appease him; "who did that?" "Mr. Spence did." "Who carved that wooden figure of St. George?" (the patron saint of the edifice). "Mr. Spence did." "Who painted those four panels in the dado with figures in oil?" "Mr. Spence did: he meant them to be at intervals round the church, but we put them all together by mistake." "Then, perhaps, he designed the stained windows, too?" "Yes, most of 'em." I got so irritated at this—feeling that Spence was going too far—that I remarked sarcastically that no doubt Mr. Spence designed Mr. Mitchell's ships as well, which turned out to be the case as far as the cabins were concerned. Clearly, this Mr. Spence is an artist-craftsman with a vengeance. Many people, I learnt, came to see the church, especially in the first eighteen months; but some of the congregation thought it too ornamental. (At St. Nicholas Cole Abbey, by the way, some of the parishioners objected at first to Mr. Shuttleworth as being too religious.) Now, as a matter of fact, this Newcastle church of St. George's is not ornamental enough. Under modern commercial conditions, it is impossible to get from the labour in the building-trade that artistic quality in the actual masonry which makes a good mediæval building independent of

applied ornament. Wherever Mr. Spence's artist's hand has passed over the interior surface, the church is beautiful. Why should his hand not pass over every inch of it? It is true, the complete finishing of a large church of the right kind has hardly ever been carried through by one man. Sometimes the man has died: more often the money has failed. But in this instance the man is not dead; and surely money cannot fail in the most fashionable suburb of Newcastle. The chancel with its wonderful mosaics, the baptistry with its ornamented stones, the four painted panels of the dado, are only samples of what the whole interior should and might be. All that cold contract masonry must be redeemed, stone by stone, by the travail of the artist-churchmaker. Nobody, not even an average respectable Sabbath-keeper, will dare to say then that it is over-decorated, however out of place in it he may feel his ugly Sunday clothes and his wife's best bonnet. Howbeit, this church of St. George's in Newcastle proves my point, namely, that churches fit for their proper use can still be built by men who follow the craft of Orcagna instead of the profession of Mr. Pecksniff, and built cheaply, too; for I took the pains to ascertain what this large church cost, and found that £30,000 was well over the mark. For aught I know, there may be dozens of such churches rising in the country; for Mr. Spence's talent, though evidently a rare and delicate one, cannot be unique, and what he has done in his own style other men can do in theirs, if they want to, and are given the means by those who can make money, and are capable of the same want.

There is still one serious obstacle to the use of churches on the very day when most people are best able and most disposed to visit them. I mean, of course, the services. When I was a little boy, I was compelled to go to church on Sunday; and though I escaped from that intolerable bondage before I was ten, it prejudiced me so violently against churchgoing that twenty years elapsed before, in foreign lands and in pursuit of works of art, I became once more a churchgoer. To this day, my flesh creeps when I recall that genteel suburban Irish Protestant church, built by Roman Catholic workmen who would have considered themselves damned

had they crossed its threshold afterwards. Every separate stone, every pane of glass, every fillet of ornamental ironwork—half-dog-collar, half-coronet—in that building must have sowed a separate evil passion in my young heart. Yes; all the vulgarity, savagery, and bad blood which has marred my literary work, was certainly laid upon me in that house of Satan! The mere nullity of the building could make no positive impression on me; but what could, and did, were the unnaturally motionless figures of the congregation in their Sunday clothes and bonnets, and their set faces, pale with the malignant rigidity produced by the suppression of all expression. And yet these people were always moving and watching one another by stealth, as convicts communicate with one another. So was I. I had been told to keep my restless little limbs still all through those interminable hours; not to talk; and, above all, to be happy and holy there and glad that I was not a wicked little boy playing in the fields instead of worshipping God. I hypocritically acquiesced; but the state of my conscience may be imagined, especially as I implicitly believed that all the rest of the congregation were perfectly sincere and good. I remember at that time dreaming one night that I was dead and had gone to heaven. The picture of heaven which the efforts of the then Established Church of Ireland had conveyed to my childish imagination, was a waiting room with walls of pale sky-coloured tabbinet, and a pew-like bench running all round, except at one corner, where there was a door. I was, somehow, aware that God was in the next room, accessible through that door. I was seated on the bench with my ankles tightly interlaced to prevent my legs dangling, behaving myself with all my might before the grown-up people, who all belonged to the Sunday congregation, and were either sitting on the bench as if at church or else moving solemnly in and out as if there were a dead person in the house. A grimly-handsome lady who usually sat in a corner seat near me in church, and whom I believed to be thoroughly conversant with the arrangements of the Almighty, was to introduce me presently into the next room—a moment which I was supposed to await with joy and enthusiasm. Really, of course, my heart sank like lead within me at the thought; for I felt that my feeble affectation of piety could not impose on

Omniscience, and that one glance of that all-searching eye would discover that I had been allowed to come to heaven by mistake. Unfortunately for the interest of this narrative, I awoke, or wandered off into another dream, before the critical moment arrived. But it goes far enough to show that I was by no means an insusceptible subject: indeed, I am sure, from other early experiences of mine, that if I had been turned loose in a real church, and allowed to wander and stare about, or hear noble music there instead of that most accursed Te Deum of Jackson's and a senseless droning of the Old Hundredth, I should never have seized the opportunity of a great evangelical revival, which occurred when I was still in my teens, to begin my literary career with a letter to the Press (which was duly printed), announcing with inflexible materialistic logic, and to the extreme horror of my respectable connections, that I was an atheist. When, later on, I was led to the study of the economic basis of the respectability of that and similar congregations, I was inexpressibly relieved to find that it represented a mere passing phase of industrial confusion, and could never have substantiated its claims to my respect if, as a child, I had been able to bring it to book. To this very day, whenever there is the slightest danger of my being mistaken for a votary of the blue tabbinet waiting-room or a supporter of that morality in which wrong and right, base and noble, evil and good, really mean nothing more than the kitchen and the drawing-room, I hasten to claim honourable exemption, as atheist and socialist, from any such complicity.

When I at last took to church-going again, a kindred difficulty beset me, especially in Roman Catholic countries. In Italy, for instance, churches are used in such a way that priceless pictures become smeared with filthy tallow-soot, and have sometimes to be rescued by the temporal power and placed in national galleries. But worse than this are the innumerable daily services which disturb the truly religious visitor. If these were decently and intelligently conducted by genuine mystics to whom the Mass was no mere rite or miracle, but a real communion, the celebrants might reasonably claim a place in the church as their share of the common human right to its use. But the average Italian priest, personally uncleanly, and with chronic

catarrh of the nose and throat, produced and maintained by sleeping and living in frowsy, ill-ventilated rooms, punctuating his gabbled Latin only by expectorative hawking, and making the decent guest sicken and shiver every time the horrible splash of spitten mucus echoes along the vaulting from the marble steps of the altar: this unseemly wretch should be seized and put out, bell, book, candle and all, until he learns to behave himself. The English tourist is often lectured for his inconsiderate behaviour in Italian churches, for walking about during service, talking loudly, thrusting himself rudely between a worshipper and an altar to examine a painting, even for stealing chips of stone and scrawling his name on statues. But as far as the mere disturbance of the services is concerned, and the often very evident disposition of the tourist—especially the experienced tourist—to regard the priest and his congregation as troublesome intruders, a week spent in Italy will convince any unprejudiced person that this is a perfectly reasonable attitude. I have seen inconsiderate British behaviour often enough both in church and out of it. The slow-witted Englishman who refuses to get out of the way of the Host, and looks at the bellringer going before it with "Where the devil are you shoving to?" written in every pucker of his free-born British brow, is a familiar figure to me; but I have never seen any stranger behave so insufferably as the officials of the church habitually do. It is the sacristan who teaches you, when once you are committed to tipping him, not to waste your good manners on the kneeling worshippers who are snatching a moment from their daily round of drudgery and starvation to be comforted by the Blessed Virgin or one of the saints: it is the officiating priest who makes you understand that the congregation are past shocking by any indecency that you would dream of committing, and that the black looks of the congregation are directed at the foreigner and the heretic only, and imply a denial of your right as a human being to your share of the use of the church. That right should be unflinchingly asserted on all proper occasions. I know no contrary right by which the great Catholic churches made for the world by the great church-builders should be monopolised by any sect as against any man who desires to use them. My own faith is clear: I am

a resolute Protestant; I believe in the Holy Catholic Church; in the Holy Trinity of Father, Son (or Mother, Daughter) and Spirit; in the Communion of Saints, the Life to Come, the Immaculate Conception, and the everyday reality of Godhead and the Kingdom of Heaven. Also, I believe that salvation depends on redemption from belief in miracles; and I regard St. Athanasius as an irreligious fool—that is, in the only serious sense of the word, a damned fool. I pity the poor neurotic who can say, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery," as I pity a maudlin drunkard; and I know that the real religion of to-day was made possible only by the materialist-physicists and atheist-critics who performed for us the indispensable preliminary operation of purging us thoroughly of the ignorant and vicious superstitions which were thrust down our throats as religion in our helpless childhood. How those who assume that our churches are the private property of their sect would think of this profession of faith of mine I need not describe. But am I, therefore, to be denied access to the place of spiritual recreation which is my inheritance as much as theirs? If, for example, I desire to follow a good old custom by pledging my love to my wife in the church of our parish, why should I be denied due record in the registers unless she submits to have a moment of deep feeling made ridiculous by the reading aloud of the *naïve* impertinences of St. Peter, who, on the subject of Woman, was neither Catholic nor Christian, but a boorish Syrian fisherman. If I want to name a child in the church, the prescribed service may be more touched with the religious spirit—once or twice beautifully touched—but, on the whole, it is time to dismiss our prayer-book as quite rotten with the pessimism of the age which produced it. In spite of the stolen jewels with which it is studded, an age of strength and faith and noble activity can have nothing to do with it: Caliban might have constructed such a ritual out of his own terror of the supernatural, and such fragments of the words of the saints as he could dimly feel some sort of glory in.

My demand will now be understood without any ceremonious formulation of it. No nation, working at the strain we face, can live cleanly without

public-houses in which to seek refreshment and recreation. To supply that vital want we have the drinking-shop with its narcotic, stimulant poisons, the conventicle with its brimstone-flavoured hot gospel, and the church. In the church alone can our need be truly met, nor even there save when we leave outside the door the materialisations that help us to believe the incredible, and the intellectualisations that help us to think the unthinkable, completing the refuse-heap of "isms" and creeds with our vain lust for truth and happiness, and going in without thought or belief or prayer or any other vanity, so that the soul, freed from all that crushing lumber, may open all its avenues of life to the holy air of the true Catholic Church.

G. Bernard Shaw.

TO NANCY

Weymouth, 29th September.

IT happens that I have seen much of you, Nancy, at an eventful moment—eventful for yourself I mean, in your life and your career—and here, because I like you, and like to think of and reflect on you, there is written down, straight and full, the record of my impression: concealing nothing, though written to yourself: a letter absolutely frank, looking all facts in the face; for, young though you are, you are intelligent enough to bear them. My letter you may find tedious, perhaps, but at all events unusual; for letters, even when detailed, generally omit much, hide some part of a thought—put the thing in a way that pleases the writer, or is intended to please the receiver. Here am I at the end of my first page, Nancy, and all preface! Well, I shall recall, to begin with, how it was that I met you.

Acquit me, please, of any general love of your over-praised Music Hall. Neither it nor the Theatre counts for much in my life. I like you personally: I imagine a Future for you; but I am not anxious for "the status of the profession." Life, it is just possible, has other goals than that of being received in smart drawing-rooms—whatever art you practice, its practice is your reward. Society, my dear, has bestowed of late upon the stage "lover" an attention that is misplaced. We are getting near the end of it: the *cabotin*, in a frock coat, no longer dominates the situation at afternoon teas. Youths from the green-room have, in the Past, over the luncheon-table, imparted to me, with patronage, their views about Painting; to me, Nancy, to your old friend, who has painted for thirty years—a full Academician one year since, with but few honours (as men call them) left to gain: few years, alas! in which to live to gain them. Child as you are, your common sense—that neatly-balanced little mind of yours, so unusually clear—that neatly-balanced mind assures

you that it is not the profession you follow, but what you have been able to do in it, and what you really are, that gives you—I mean, of course, gives any one—legitimate claim to be in privileged places, to be motioned to the velvet of the social sward. "Artist," indeed! As well expect to be received with welcome for having had sufficient capital to buy a camp stool and a few feet of German moulding with which to frame a canvas sent to the Dudley Gallery, as to be suffered to dictate and to dogmatise in virtue of a well-worn coat and an appearance at a London theatre!

You have read so far, and yet I have not reminded you how it was that you and I came to know each other. It was just two years ago, in this same town from which I write to you. I saw a photograph that struck me, at the door of your place of entertainment—at the door of the "People's Delight." The face was young—but I have known youth. Pretty, it was—but a fashionable portrait-painter lives with prettiness. It was so monstrously refined!

At three o'clock, they said, there would be an entertainment—Miss Nancy Nanson would certainly be seen. And in I went, with a companion—old Sir James Purchas, of Came Manor—my host more than once in these parts. Sir James, you know, is not a prey to the exactions of conventionality, and there was no reason why the humble entertainment your lounge and shelter offered to the tripper should not afford us half an hour's amusement.

The blazing September afternoon you recollect—September with the glare of the dog days. The "people," it seemed, were not profiting that day by the "People's Delight," for the place was all but empty—everyone out of doors—and we wandered, not aimlessly indeed, but not successfully, among those cavernous, half-darkened regions, among the stalls for fruits and sweets and cheap jewelry, in search of a show. A turn, and we came suddenly on rows of empty chairs placed in front of a small stage, with drawn curtain; and, at a money-taker's box (for reserved seats, as I supposed)—leaning over the money-taker's counter, in talk with someone who came, it may be, from a selling-stall—there was a child, a little girl. Sir James touched my arm, directing my attention to her, and I took the initiative—said to the little girl:

"We came to see Miss Nancy Nanson. You can tell us, perhaps, when is the show going to begin?" "There won't be any entertainment this afternoon," the girl answered; "because, you see, there isn't any audience. I am Miss Nancy Nanson." The dignity of the child!

The fact was, you remember, that photograph at the entrance gave the impression of a girl of seventeen; and I did not at all connect it with the figure of the well-spoken, silver-voiced, elegant child, who proved to be yourself—since then my model and my youthful friend. But the moment you spoke, and when my eyes, still not quite used to the obscurity, took in your real face and those refined expressions, the identity was established, though the photograph, with its dexterous concealment, showed more the Nancy Nanson you were going to be, than the Nancy Nanson you were. I was pleased, nevertheless; and we talked about yourself for a few minutes; and when you said (because I asked you) that there would be an entertainment next day, I told you we would come to see it, certainly. And Sir James was indulgent. And I am a man of my word.

And now there is a bit we can afford to hurry over; for the next stage of our acquaintance does not advance, appreciably, the action of your story. We came; we saw your entertainment: your three turns: singing, dancing: and pretty enough it was; but yet, so-so. You were such a pleasant child, of course we applauded you—so refined, yet singing, tolerably, such nonsense. Even then, it was your charming little personality, you know—it was not your performance that had in it attractiveness. Next day, I left the neighbourhood.

For two years after that, I never saw Miss Nancy Nanson, "vocalist and dancer"; only once heard of and read of you—only once, perhaps, thought of you. The once was last Christmas—your name I saw was advertised in a pantomime played by "juveniles." I might, it is just possible, have gone to see it. But the average "juvenile!"—think!—and then, the influenza and the weather!

Well! this present glowing September, Nancy—glowing and golden as it was two years ago—brought me again, and very differently, into touch with you. The Past is over. Now I fix your attention—for you are still

patient with me—I fix your attention on the Present, and I point out to you, in detail—I realise to myself—how the time is critical, eventful; how you stand, Nancy, upon a certain brink. I am not going to prophecy what you may be; but I tell you what you are. The real You, you know: something better and deeper than that which those seven pastels, any or all of them together, show you—my delighted notes of your external beauty; touched, I think, with some charm of grace that answers well to your own; and mimicking, not badly, the colours and contours of your stage presence. Nothing more. Chance gleams—an artist's "snap-shots" at Miss Nancy Nanson, vocalist and dancer, at sixteen. (Sixteen yesterday.) But *you*—No!

This present September—a fortnight since—I came again to Weymouth; this time alone; putting up at the old "Gloucester" (it was George the Third's house) from which I write to you; and not at Came Manor in the neighbourhood. In the Weymouth of to-day one is obliged, in nearly every walk, to pass the "People's Delight"—your cheap vulgarity, my dear, that the great Georgian time would have resented. I passed it soon, and the two names biggest upon the bills were, "Achilles, the Strong Man"—there are things in which even a decayed watering place cannot afford to be behind the fashion—"Achilles, the Strong Man," then, and "Miss Nancy Nanson." Again did I go in; took the seat, exactly, that I had taken two years since, in the third row of chairs; and while a band of three made casual, lifeless, introductory music, I waited for the show.

The curtain rose presently on a great, living, breathing, over-energetic statue—a late Renaissance bronze, by John of Bologna, he seemed—that muscular piece of colour and firm form, that nigger, posed effectively, and of prodigious force. "John of Bologna"—but you never heard of him! Then he began his operations—Achilles, the Strong Man—holding, and only by his teeth, enormous weights; and rushing round with one, two, hundredweight, as if it were a feather; lifting, with that jaw of his, masses of iron; crashing them on the stage again, and standing afterwards with quivering muscles, heaving chest. Applause—I joined in it myself in common courtesy—and then the curtain fell.

A wait. The band struck up again—it was your first turn. A slim and dainty figure, so very slight, so very young, in a lad's evening dress, advanced with swiftness towards the footlights, and bowed in a wide sweep that embraced everyone. Then you began to sing—and not too well, you know—a song of pretty-enough sentiment; the song of a stripling whose sweetheart was his mother. His mother, she sufficed for him. It suited your young years. A tender touch or two, and with a boy's manliness. Applause! You vanished.

You vanished to return. In a girl's dress this time, with movements now more swift and now more graceful. Another song, and this time dancing with it. It was dancing you were born for. "She has grown another being—and yet with the old pleasantness—in these two years," I thought. "A child no longer." In colour and agility you were a brilliant show. I have told you since, in talking, what I thought of you. You were not a Sylvia Grey, my dear; still less that other Sylvia Voltaire praised, contrasting her with the Camargo. The Graces danced like Sylvia, Voltaire said—like the Camargo, the wild nymphs. No! you were not Voltaire's Sylvia, any more than you were Sylvia Grey. Sylvia Grey's dance is perfect, from the waist upwards—as an observant actress pointed out to me, with whom I saw it. Swan-like in the holding and slow movement of the head and neck; exquisite in the undulations of the torso. Where Sylvia Grey ends—I mean where her remarkableness ends (for she has legs like another, I take it)—you, my dear, begin. But you want an Ingres to do you justice. The slimness of the girl, and what a fineness, as of race; and then, the agility of infinite practice, and sixteen young years!

A third turn—then it was that you were agile most of all. The flying feet went skyward. Black shoes rushed, comet-like, so far above your head, and clattered on the floor again; whilst against the sober crimson of the background curtain—a dull, thin stuff, stretched straightly—gleamed the white of moving skirts, and blazed the boss of brightest scarlet that nestled somewhere in the brown gold of your head. Then, flushed and panting, it was over.

Next day, in a gaunt ante-room, or extra chamber, its wooden floor quite bare, and the place furnished only with a couple of benches and a half-voiceless semi-grand piano—the wreck of an Erard that was great once —in that big, bare room, Nancy, where my pastels since have caught your pose in lilac, rose and orange, but never your grave character, I came upon, and closely noted, and, for a quarter of an hour, talked to, a sedate young girl in black—a lady who, in all her bearing, ways, gesture, silver voice, was as refined as any, young or old, that I have been in contact with in my long life—and I have lived abundantly amongst great ladies, from stately, restful Quakeress to the descendant of the "hundred Earls." No one is more refined than you. This thing may not last with you. Whether it lasts depends, in great measure, upon the life you lead, in the strange world opening to you. Your little craft, Nancy, your slender skiff, will have some day to labour over voluminous seas.

You remember what you told me, in the great ante-room, standing by the wreck of the Erard, that your fingers touched. All your life to that time. You were frankness absolutely; standing there in your dull, black frock that became you to perfection; standing with hat of broad, black straw—the clear-cut nose, the faultless mouth, the bright-brown hair curled short about your head, and the limpid look of your serene eyes, steadily grey. It was interesting, and amusing too, your story. I told you, you remember, how much you had got on, how changed you were, what progress I had noticed. And you said a pretty "Thank you." It was clear that you meant it. We were friends. I asked who taught you—so far as anything *can* be taught in this world, where, at bottom, one's way is, after all, one's own. You said, your mother. And I told you I'd seen your name in some London Christmas play-bill. "I had a big success," you said. What a theatrical moment it was!—the one occasion in all my little dealings with you in which I found the traditions of "the profession" stronger with you than your own personal character. Now, your own personal instinct is to be modest and natural; the traditions of "the profession" are to boast. You did boast, Nancy! You had a big success, had you? Perhaps, for yourself;

I do not say you failed. But the piece—my dear, you know it was a frost. Did it run three weeks? Come now! And someone, out of jealousy, paid four guineas—she or her friends did—to get you a bad notice somewhere in back-stairs journalism. And they got it, and then repented of it. You were friends with them afterwards. But what a world, Nancy!—a world in which, for four guineas, a scoundrel contributes his part towards damning your career!

You remember, before I asked if I might make some sketches of you, you were turning over a song that had been sent you by "a gentleman at Birmingham." He had had it "ruled" for you, and wanted you to buy it for three pounds. It was "rather a silly song," you thought. I settled myself quietly to master the sense, or, as was more probable, the nonsense, of it. My dear, it was blank rubbish! But you were not going to have it, you said. "Mamma would never buy a song I didn't like and take to." That was well, I thought. And then you slowly closed the ruined Erard, and were going away. But on the road down-stairs, remember, I persuaded you to ask your mother that you might give me sittings. I told you who I was. And in the gaunt ante-room, lit well from above, I had a sitting next day. It was the first of several. And your mother trusted me, and trusted you, as you deserve to be trusted. And we worked hard together, didn't we?—you posing, and I drawing. And there are seven pastels which record—*tant bien que mal*, my dear—the delightful outside of you, the side the public might itself see, if it had eyes to really see—the flash of you in the dance, snow-white or carmine; and I got all that with alacrity—"swift means" I took, to "radiant ends"—the poise of the slim figure, the white frock slashed with gold, the lifted foot, and that gleam of vivid scarlet in your hair against the background of most sober crimson.

This tranquil Sunday I devote to writing to you, is the day after your last appearance at the "People's Delight." You and your mother, very soon, you tell me, leave Weymouth and your old associations—it is your home, you know—and you leave it for ever. The country, you admit, is beautiful, but you are tired of the place. I don't much wonder. And you

leave it—the great bay, the noble chalk downs, the peace of Dorset and its gleaming quiet—you leave it for lodgings in the Waterloo Road. For you must be among the agents for the Halls. Though you have been upon the Stage since you were very little, you have but lately, so you say, put your heart into it. Well! it is not unnatural. But no more Sunday drives into the lovely country, recollect, with your brother, who is twenty-one and has his trade; and your uncle, who is in a good way of business here, you said—your uncle, the plumber.

And so, last night being your last night, Nancy, it was almost like a Benefit. As for your dancing, you meant, I knew, to give us the cup filled—yes, filled and running over. I had noticed that, on some earlier evening, when Little Lily Somebody—a dumpling child, light of foot, but with not one "line" in all her meaningless, fat form—when Little Lily Somebody had capered her infantile foolishness, to the satisfaction of those who rejoice in mere babyhood, someone presented her with a bouquet. And you danced, excellently, just after her—you, height and grace, slimness and soul—and someone, with much effusion, handed you up a box of chocolates. And you smiled pleasantly. I saw there was a little conflict in your mind, however, between the gracious recognition of what was well-enough meant, and the resentment—well, the resentment we can hardly call it: the regret, at all events—at being treated so very visibly as a child—and yesterday you were to be sixteen! So I myself—who, if this small indignity had not been offered you, might conceivably have given you, in private, at all events, a basket of fine fruit—I meant to offer you flowers. It might have been fruit, I say, if smuggled into the ante-room where I had done my pastels; for I had seen you once there, crunching, quite happily, imperfect apples between perfect teeth—your perfect teeth, almost the only perfect things, Nancy, in an imperfect world.

But it had to be flowers. So I sent round to the dressing-room, just as you were getting ready, two button-holes merely—wired button-holes—of striped carnations, red or wine-coloured. They were not worn in your first turn. They were not worn in your second. In your third turn, I

espied them at your neck's side, in the fury of your dance. Already there are people, I suppose, who would have thought those striped carnations happy—tossed, tossed to pieces, in the warmth of your throat.

Your second turn, last night, you know, was in flowing white, slashed with gold — old-gold velvet — with pale stockings. The third — when the flowers died happy in your riot — in pure white alone, with stockings black. You remember the foot held in your hand, as you swing round upon the other toe—and one uplifted leg seen horizontal, in its straight and modelled slimness.

My dear—what were my little flowers? Who could have known—when you had finished—the great things still to come? When the applause seemed over, and the enthusiasm of some lieutenant from Dorchester was, as I take it, abated and suppressed—when the applause was over, a certain elocutionist (Mr. Paris Brown, wasn't it?) brought you again upon the stage, and saying it was your last appearance, made you some presentation: a brooch from himself, "of no intrinsic value" he informed us—I willingly believed him—a bracelet from I don't know who—that *had* an "intrinsic value," I surmise—and a bouquet, exquisite. It was "From an admirer," Mr. Paris Brown, the elocutionist, read out, from an accompanying card. Then he congratulated you upon your Past; prophesied as to your Future; and, in regard to the presents to you, he said, in words that were quite happily chosen — because, Nancy, they were reticent while they were expressive—"She is but a—*girl;* and she has done her duty by the management. Long may she be a credit to her father and mother!" Your mother I was well aware of—your mother I respect; and you, you love her. But your father —he was invented, I think, for the occasion, as an additional protection, should the designs upon you of the admirer from Dorchester prove to be not altogether such as they ought to be. The precaution was unnecessary; it was taking Time by the forelock. Our young friend looked ingenuous, and smitten grievously—you seem so big upon the stage, Nancy—so grown up, I mean. I could, I think, have toned down his emotions, had I told him you were a bare sixteen.

Nancy, there is—for me—a certain pathos in this passage of yours from childhood into ripening girlhood; a book closed, as it were; a phase completed; an ending of the way. "What chapter is to open? Nancy Nanson—what phase or facet of her life," I ask myself, "is now so soon to be presented? What other way, what unfamiliar one, is to follow her blameless and dutiful childhood?" I had a restless night, Nancy. Thinking of this, one saw—ridiculously perhaps—a presage in the first bouquet, a threat in the first bracelet—in the admirer's card. Would she be like the rest?—at least, too many. Besmirched, too?

Remember, Nancy, I am no Puritan at all. I recognise Humanity's instincts. There is little I do not tolerate. I recognise the gulf that separates the accidentally impolitic from the essentially wrong. But we owe things to other people—to the World's laws. We have responsibilities. *Noblesse oblige;* and all superiority is *Noblesse.* "She must not be like the rest," I said, last night, in broken dreams; "dining, winking, leering even, since sold at last and made common." In broken dreams, last night—or in wakeful hours—your feet tossed higher; your gay blood passed into the place—electrical, overpowering. You can be so grave and sweet, you know; and you can be so mad.

Have you ever lain awake, in the great, long darkness, and watched in the darkness a procession—the people of your Past and all your Future? But you have no Past. For myself, I have watched them. My mother, who is long gone; those who were good to me, and whom I slighted; the relations who failed me; the friend I lost. And the uncertain figures of the Future! But the line of the Future is short enough for me—for you, it is all yours. Last night, it seemed to me, the dark was peopled with your enemies; with your false friends, who were coming—always coming—the unavoidable crowd of the egotistic destroyers of youth. Their dark hearts, I thought, look upon her as a prey: some of them cruel, some of them cynical, yet some of them only careless. And I wished that last night had not come—your sixteenth birthday—with the applause and gifts and menacing triumph.

There are women, perhaps, men cannot wrong—since they have wronged themselves too much. "This is a good girl," I said; and my over-anxious mind—in real affection for her—cries out to all the horrid forces of the world: "Leave Nancy!"

Nancy, when you read this, you smile—and naturally—at your most sombre friend. You think, of course, with all the reckless trust, courageous confidence, of girlhood, "So superfluous! So unnecessary!"

Go the straight way! . . . Whatever way you go, I shall always be your friend.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MANDOLINE

(*From the* "Fêtes Galantes" *of Paul Verlaine*).

THE singers of serenades
Whisper their faded vows
Unto fair listening maids
Under the singing boughs.

Tircis, Aminte, are there,
Clitandre is over-long,
And Damis for many a fair
Tyrant makes many a song.

Their short vests, silken and bright,
Their long, pale, silken trains,
Their elegance of delight,
Twine soft, blue, shadowy chains.

And the mandolines and they,
Faintlier breathing, swoon
Into the rose and grey
Ecstasy of the moon.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A GOOD PRINCE

I FIRST saw him one morning of last summer, in the Green Park. Though short, even insignificant, in stature and with an obvious tendency to be obese, he had that unruffled, Olympian air, which is so sure a sign of the Blood Royal. In a suit of white linen he looked serenely cool, despite the heat. Perhaps I should have thought him, had I not been versed in the *Almanach de Gotha*, a trifle older than he is. He did not raise his hat in answer to my salute, but smiled most graciously and made as though he would extend his hand to me, mistaking me, I doubt not, for one of his friends. A member of his suite, however, said something to him in an undertone, whereat he smiled again and took no further notice of me.

I do not wonder the people idolise him. His almost blameless life has been passed among them, nothing in it hidden from their knowledge. When they look upon his dear presentment in the photographer's window—the shrewd, kindly eyes under the high forehead, the sparse locks so carefully distributed—words of loyalty only and of admiration rise to their lips. For of all princes in modern days he seems to fulfil, most perfectly, the obligation of princely rank. Νήπιος he might have been called in the heroic age, when princes were judged according to their mastery of the sword or of the bow, or have seemed, to those mediæval eyes that loved to see a scholar's pate under the crown, an ignoramus. We are less exigent now. We do but ask of our princes that they should live among us, be often manifest to our eyes, set a perpetual example of a right life. We bid them be the ornaments of our State. Too often they do not attain to our ideal. They give, it may be, a half-hearted devotion to soldiering, or pursue pleasure merely—tales of their frivolity raising now and again the anger of a public swift to envy them their temptations. But against this

admirable Prince no such charges can be made. Never (as yet, at least) has he cared to "play at soldiers." By no means has he shocked the Puritans. Though it is no secret that he prefers the society of ladies, not one breath of scandal has ever touched his name. Of how many English princes could this be said, in days when Figaro, quill in hand, inclines his ear to every key-hole?

Upon the one action that were well obliterated from his record I need not long insist. The wife of an aged ex-Premier came to have an audience and pay her respects. Hardly had she spoken, when His Royal Highness, in a fit of unreasoning displeasure, struck her a violent blow with his clenched fist. The incident is deplorable, but belongs, after all, to an earlier period of his life; and, were it not that no appreciation must rest upon the suppression of any scandal, I should not have referred to it. For the rest, I find no stain, soever faint, upon his life. The simplicity of his tastes is the more admirable for that he is known to care not at all for what may be reported in the newspapers. He has never touched a card, never entered a play-house. In no stud of racers has he indulged, preferring to the finest blood-horse ever bred a certain white and woolly lamb with a blue riband at its neck. This he is never tired of fondling. It is with him, like the roebuck of Henri Quatre, wherever he goes.

Suave and simple his life is! Narrow in range, it may be, but with every royal appurtenance of delight! Round the flower-garden at Sandringham runs an old wall of red brick, streaked with ivy and topped infrequently with balls of stone. By the iron gates, that open to a vista of flowers, stand two kind policemen, guarding the Prince's procedure along that bright vista. As his perambulator rolls out of the gate of St. James's Palace, he stretches out his tiny hands to the scarlet sentinels. An obsequious retinue follows him over the lawns of the White Lodge, cooing and laughing, blowing kisses and praising him. Yet his life has not been all happy. The afflictions that befall royal personages always touch very poignantly the heart of the people and it is not too much to say that all England watched by the

cradle-side of Prince Edward in those hours of pain, when first the little battlements rose about the rose-red roof of his mouth. Irreiterate be the horror of that epoch!

As yet, when we know not even what his first words will be, it is too early to predict what verdict posterity will pass upon him. Already he has won the hearts of the people; but, in the years which, it is to be hoped, still await him, he may accomplish more. *Attendons!* He stands alone among European princes—but, as yet, only with the aid of a chair.

MAX BEERBOHM.

REGENT STREET, LONDON

By JOSEPH PENNELL

THE EYES OF PRIDE

To A. F.

"Pluck out the eyes of pride; thy lips to mine?
Never, though I die thirsting! Go thy ways!"

GEORGE MEREDITH.

I

"DO as you please—it's all one to me: yet I think you will live to regret it."

He spoke sullenly, with well-affected indifference, standing on the hearth-rug, his hands in his pockets, looking down at her; and yet there was a note of irresolution, of potential suffering in his voice, which was absent from her reply:

"If I do, I will tell you."

"That is just what you will never do."

"Perhaps not." She was actually indifferent, or her dissimulation was more profound than his, for the blank coldness of her speech lit a spark of irritation in him.

"And, all the same, I think you will regret it—every day of your life. . . . By God! you are making a great mistake, Rosalind!"

"Is it all coming over again?" murmured the girl, wearily. "And, after all, it's your own choice."

He flushed angrily. He was in evening dress, and he fidgeted with his tie for a moment, before he held out his hand with stiff courtesy.

"Good-bye," he said; and "Good-bye, Mr. Seefang!" the girl answered, listlessly. He dropped her impassive hand, and went slowly towards the door. Then he remembered he had brought his hat with him into the drawing-room, and he came back again, and placed it mechanically under his arm. "Well, good-bye, Rosalind!" he said again. This time she made no response, and he was really gone when she raised her eyes again. . . .

When he opened the hall door, emerged into the square, he paused to light a cigar before he plunged into the fog, rank and yellow and raw, which engulfed him. A clock struck eleven. It was actually so late; and he began to look round, vaguely, for a hansom, reflecting that their rapid talk—certainly, it had been fruitful in momentous consequences—had lasted for over an hour. He decided that all the cabs would have disappeared; the square railings, ten yards in front of him, were invisible; he shrugged his shoulders—a gesture habitual with him, in which, just now, lassitude and a certain relief were mingled—and, doggedly and resolutely, he set his face eastwards, to accomplish on foot his return journey to the Temple. . . . As he went, his mind was recasting his past life, and more especially the last six months of it, during which he had been engaged to Rosalind Lingard. Well! that was over at last, and he was unable to add that it had been pleasant while it lasted. Pleasant? Well, no! but it had been an intoxicating experience—a delirious torture. Now he was a free man, and he tried to congratulate himself, reminding himself of all the phrase implied. Yes; he was free again—free to his old pleasures and his old haunts, to his friends and his former wandering life, if he chose; above all, free to his art—his better passion. . . . And, suddenly, into his meditation there floated the face of the girl on the sofa, impassively beautiful and sullen, as it had been framed to his vision when he last held her hand, and he ground his teeth and cursed aloud.

He began to remember how, all along, he had forecasted this end of his wooing. What an ill-omened affair it had been from the first! He was yet uncertain whether he loved or hated her most. That he had loved her at all was the miracle. But, even now, he knew that he had loved her, with a love that was not child's-play—it had come too late for that—but, like his genius, faulty yet tremendous.

There was a great deal of Seefang; even the critics of his pictures admitted it; and everything about him was on a large scale. So that when he had fallen in love with Rosalind Lingard, after three days' acquaintance, he had done so supremely, carried away by a strange hurricane of sensual fascination and spiritual rapture. Meeting her first at a sparsely-attended *table d'hôte* in a

primitive Breton village where he was painting, he had promptly disliked her, thought her capricious and ill-tempered. Grudgingly, he had admitted that she was beautiful, but it was a beauty which repelled him in a girl of his own class, although he would have liked it well enough in women of less title to respect, with whom he was far too well acquainted.

If he had ever thought of marriage—and it must have been remotely—during his fifteen years of manhood, spent so pleasantly in the practice of an art in which his proficiency had met recognition and in the frank and unashamed satisfaction of his vigorous appetites, he had dreamed of a girl most unlike Rosalind Lingard; a girl with the ambered paleness and the vaguely virginal air of an early Tuscan painting, who would cure him of his grossness and reform him. For he had, still, intervals of depression—generally when he had spoiled a canvas—in which he accused himself of living like a beast, and hankered, sentimentally, for the love of a good woman. And yet, Rosalind Lingard, with her ambiguous charm, her adorable imperfection, had been this woman—the first to dominate him by something more than the mere rose and white of her flesh. Masterful as he had been with the others, he was her slave, if it was still his masterfulness which bound her to him, for a pliant man would have repelled her, and she had dreamed of being loved tyrannically. A few days had sufficed. A juxtaposition somewhat out of the common—a slight illness of her aunt, Mrs. Sartorys, with whom she was travelling—having thrown them together, a discovery which he made suddenly, that if she was capricious she could yet be charming, and that her audacity was really the perfection of her innocence—these were the material agents of his subjection. To the lovers, as they became speedily, inevitable fate and the god who watches over little lovers were held alone responsible. The best of Seefang's character, in which the fine and the gross were so strangely mingled, leapt to meet the promise in her eyes. Their vows were exchanged. . . .

He crossed Piccadilly Circus, debating whether he should go home at once or turn into his club and have an hour's poker; finally, he decided to make for the Temple. . . . And he told himself again that it was over. In retrospect, their love seemed like a long quarrel, with a few intervals of reconciliation.

But there had been a time, at the very beginning, when life was like Eden; when he was so buoyant that he felt as if his head must touch the sky. He left his easel and wandered with them through Morbihan; his knowledge of the country, so sad and cold and poor, and yet so pictorial, made him their *cicerone* to nooks which elude the ordinary tourist. Actually, they were not betrothed, but they anticipated the official sanction; and, indeed, no opposition was expected even by Mrs. Sartorys; though, formally, Rosalind's guardian, a learned lawyer—an abstract idea, even, to his ward—was to be consulted. Seefang had his fame, his kinship with the peerage, to set off against the girl's fortune, which was considerable. Had he been less eligible, Mrs. Sartorys, a weak, placid woman, professionally an invalid, would have been equally submissive. As it was, she allowed them the license of an engagement, stipulating merely for a postponement which was nominal. They rambled alone together over the ruddy moorland as it pleased them. Once he said to her:

"If your guardian damns me, will you make a curtsy and dismiss me, Rosalind?"

They had come to a pause in their walk; the sun was merciless, and they had wandered off the road to seek shade; the girl had seated herself on a bank under a silver-birch tree, Seefang was standing over her. She shook her head.

"No! if I've ever wanted anything since I was a child, I've cried and stormed till I got it."

"You give yourself a fine character."

"I'm not a nice girl, I've told you so before."

"Nice!" he looked at her gravely. "I don't care about niceness."

"What do you care for?"

"You as you are," he said deliberately; "proud, capricious, not very sweet of temper, and—I suspect——"

Her eyes challenged him, he completed his phrase: "A bit of a flirt!"

"And yet you ——"

"And yet I love you; good God! what am I myself?"

She glanced at him with a sort of mocking tenderness.

"You are very proud," she said; "capricious, I don't know; but stubborn and headstrong; I think you can be very cruel, and I am sure you have been very wicked."

"And yet?——" he imitated her phrase softly. They were quite alone with the trees and the birds, and instinctively their lips met. Presently she resumed, a trifle sadly, her eyes contemplating vaguely the distant valley.

"I'm only a girl—not twenty. You are thirty-eight, thirty-eight! You must have kissed so many, many women before me."

He touched her hand very softly, held it while he went on: "Never mind the past, Rosalind. I've lived as other men. If I've been stupid, it was because I had never known you. When a man has been in heaven he is in no hurry to get back anywhere else. I'm yours, and you know it—body and soul—and they are a poor bargain, my child! ever since—since Ploumariel." She flushed and her head drooped towards him; at Ploumariel they had crossed the great climacteric. When she looked up, the sun, moving westwards, lit up the valley opposite them, illuminated the white stones of a village cemetery. Her eyes rested upon it. Presently she said:

"Oh, my dear, let us be kind to each other, bear and forbear . . . . That's the end of it all."

For a moment he was silent; then he leant over and kissed her hair.

"Rosalind, my darling, I wish we were dead together, you and I, lying there quietly, out of the worry of things."

It was a fantastic utterance, an odd and ominous mood to interrupt their foolish talk of plighted lovers; it never recurred. But just now it came back to him like an intuition. It is so much easier to die for the woman you love than to live with her. They could talk of bearing and forbearing, but much tolerance was in the nature of neither. They were capable of generosity, but even to themselves they could not be just. Both had known speedily how it must end. He was impatient, tyrannical; she, capricious and utterly a woman; their pride was a great Juggernaut, beneath whose car they threw, one by one, their dearest hopes, their happiness and all that they cared most for in life. Was she a coquette? At least she cared for

admiration, encouraged it, declined to live her life as he would have it. His conviction that small sacrifices which he asked of her she refused, not from any abiding joy the possession gave her, but in sheer perverseness, setting her will against his own, heightened his estimation of the offence. That his anger was out of all proportion to her wrongdoing he knew, and his knowledge merely inflamed his passionate resentment. She, on her side, was exacting, jealous of his past life; he was faithfully her lover, and he felt aggrieved, perhaps unjustly, that woman-like she took constancy too much for granted, was not more grateful that he did not lapse. And neither could make concessions: they hardened their hearts, were cold of eye and tongue when a seasonable softening would have flung them each in the other's arms. When they were most divided, each was secretly aware that life without the other would be but a savourless dish. For all that, they had ended it. She had flung him back his liberty, and he had accepted it with a bitter word of thanks. They had said, if they had not done, irrevocable things . . . .

Seefang let himself into his chambers and slammed the oak behind him; the room smelt of fog, the fire had gone out, and, just then, the lack of it seemed the most intolerable thing in life. But he sat down, still in his ulster, lighting the candle to dispel the gloom, and faced his freedom more deliberately than he had done before. He began to think of his work, and he was surprised at discovering how utterly he had neglected it during the last six months. There is nothing so disorganising as a great passion, nothing so enervating as a virtuous one. He went to bed, vowing that he would make amends. His art! that he should ever have forgotten it! None of the other women had interfered with that, the women who had amused him, satisfied the animal in him, but whom he had not loved. She alone had made him forget it. He had a sense of ingratitude towards his art, as to a person who has always stood by one, whom at times one has not valued, and whom one finds, after some calamity, steadfast and unchanged. His art should stand him in good stead now; it should help him to endure his life, to forget her and be strong. Strength! that was the great thing; and he knew that it appertained to him. He fell asleep murmuring that he was glad he

was strong . . . . strong . . . . Two months later Seefang went abroad; he had made arrangements for a prolonged absence. He had not seen Miss Lingard; if an acquaintance, who was ignorant of the rupture, asked after her, he looked vacant, seemed to search his memory to give the name a connotation. Then he remarked indifferently that he believed Mrs. Sartorys was out of town. He was working hard, contemplated work more arduous still. Every now and then he drew himself up and reminded himself that he had forgotten her.

For two years he was hardly heard of: he was believed to be travelling in Spain, living in some secluded village. Then he was in London for a month: he exhibited, and critics were unanimous in their opinion that he had never done better work—at which he smiled. They declared he had not been in vain to the land of Velasquez and Goya. It was at this time that he heard of Miss Lingard's marriage with Lord Dagenham; that nobleman had carried away his bride to an obscure Scandinavian capital, where he was diplomatically engaged. Seefang was curious enough to turn over the pages of Debrett, and discovered that the bridegroom was sixty; it enabled him to credit the current rumour that he was dull. He went on smiling and was abroad for another three years.

II

He had known they would meet when he first heard that the Dagenhams were in town. Lord Dagenham had abandoned diplomacy with stays and any semblance of being young; he was partly paralysed, and was constantly to be seen in a bath-chair in Kensington Gardens. But the lady went everywhere, and Seefang made much the same round; their encounter was merely a question of time. He faced it with equanimity, or its tolerable imitation; he neither feared it nor hoped for it. And the season was but a few weeks old when it came about. At the dinner-table he faced her almost directly.

Five years! Her beauty was richer, perhaps; it had acquired sombre tones like an old picture; but she was not perceptibly altered, hardly older. She was straight and tall, had retained something of her slim, girlish figure;

and, as of old, her beauty had a sullen stain on it; in the languid depths of her dark eyes their fate was written; her full mouth in repose was scornful. He finished his soup, talked to his neighbour, mingled in the conversation; one of his remarks sent a little ripple of well-bred laughter down the table, and he noticed that she joined in it. But her eyes avoided him, as they had done when she bowed to him formally in the drawing-room. They had not spoken. A vague feeling of irritation invaded him. Was there another woman in the world with hair like that, so dark and multitudinous? He had promised himself to forget her, and it seemed to him that the promise had been kept. Life had been amusing, full of experience, lavish and expansive. If one supreme delight were impossible, that had not seemed to him a reason for denying himself any lesser joys which offered—joys, distractions. How successful he had been! And the tide of his irritation rose higher. His mind went back to the days when he had first known her. She had forgotten them, no doubt, but they were good while they lasted—yes, they were good. But what a life they would have led!—how thankful he should have been for his escape! From time to time he fidgeted nervously with his tie. Like a great wave of anguish his old desire swept over him.

To Lady Dagenham, if she had not seemed to notice him, his presence there, facing her, was the one fact which possessed her mind during that interminable dinner-party. She had to perfection the gift of being rude urbanely, and she had begun by repressing any intentions of her neighbour on the right to be conversational. Her neighbour on the left talked for three; she preserved appearances by throwing him smiles, and at mechanical intervals an icy monosyllable. "Yes," and "Yes," said her lips, and her eyes, which looked everywhere else—above, below, beside him—saw only Seefang. . . . He was changed; older, coarser, bigger, she thought. Large he had always been; but to-night he loomed stupendous. Every now and then his deep voice was borne across to her—that remained the same, his voice was always pleasant. And she missed no detail—his hair was thinner, it was streaked, like his moustache, with gray; his eyes were clouded, a trifle blood-shot; his laugh was cynical and easy. She noticed the one ring

he wore, a curious, absinthe-coloured opal, when he moved his left hand, large, but well-shaped and white. She remembered the ring and his affection for opals. Had that been the secret of his luck—their luck? He was not noticeably pitiable, but instinctively she fell to pitying him, and her compassion included herself. Skeleton fingers groped out of the past and throttled her. At a familiar gesture, when his hand went up to his tie, a rush of memories made her giddy. Was the past never done with? And why wish things undone or altered? He was a cross, brutal fellow; stupid and self-indulgent. Why had they ever met? They were too much alike. And she was sorry for him, sorry if he still cared, and sorrier if, as was more likely, he had forgotten; for she was aware that the strength which puts away suffering is more costly than acquiescence in unhappiness. A sudden tenderness came over her for him; it was not with the man she was angry, but with fate, the powers which had made them what they were, self-tormentors, the instruments of their own evil. As she rose from the table with the other women, she dropped one glance at him from her sombre, black eyes. And they met his in a flash which was electric.

When he came upstairs, rather tardily, it was with a certain relief that he failed to discover in either of the two large rooms, which opened into one another, the face which he sought. In the first of them, a young Hungarian musician of note was just taking his seat at the piano. The air was heavy with the smell of flowers, full of soft vibrations—the *frou-frou* of silken skirts, the rustle of posturing fans. He moved into the second room. It was a parched, hot night, and the windows had been left open; the thin lace curtains protecting them were stirred imperceptibly. With a strange, nervous dread on him that was also an intuition, he pushed them aside and stepped on to the spacious balcony. Half-a-dozen people were sitting or standing there, and he distinguished her profile, marble white and strangely cold, in the subdued shine of the electric lights. An elderly-looking young man with a blonde moustache was talking with her. He took his station by them, joined mechanically in the conversation, looking not at her, but at the long, low line of the park in front of them with its background of mysterious trees.

Presently a crash of chords came from within—the Hungarian had begun his performance. People began to drift inside again; Lady Dagenham and the blonde young man—a little anxious, for he was due in the House, concerned for a division—were the last loiterers. For the second time their eyes met, and there was a note of appeal in them.

"Please don't let me keep you, Mr. Rose . . . Mr. Seefang . . . We are old friends, and I haven't seen him for years . . . Mr. Seefang will look after me."

When they were alone together he came over to her side, and they stood so for a moment or two in silence; he was so close to her that he could smell the misty fragrance of her hair, hear the sighing of her bosom. The tense silence preyed on them; to break it at any cost, he said, at last: "Rosalind!" Her white face was turned towards him, and he read the passion in it as in a book. And, "Rosalind!" he said again, with a new accent, more strenuously.

"So you have come back"—her rich voice was under control, but there was a vibration in it which spoke of effort—"come back to England? Your fame preceded you long ago. I have often heard of you, and wondered if we should ever meet."

"Did you ever wish it?"

"It is always pleasant to meet old friends," she answered, mechanically.

"Pleasant!" He laughed harshly. "There is no pleasure in it, Lady Dagenham." She glanced at him uneasily, for, unconsciously, he had raised his voice. "And friends, are we friends—how can we be friends, you and I?"

"At least—not enemies," she murmured.

He was silent for a moment, looking out at the blurred mass of the park, but seeing only her face, the face of her youth, softened and idealised, so that five years seemed as yesterday, and the anger and bitterness, which had driven them apart, chimeras.

"At Ploumariel, up the hill to Sainte-Barbe"; he spoke softly, as it were to himself, and the natural harshness of his voice was modulated. "Do you remember the wood, the smell of pines and wild thyme? The

pine-needles crackled under your little feet. How warm it was! You were tired at the end of the climb; you sat on a boulder to rest, while I fetched you milk from the cottage by the chapel—fresh milk in a big, yellow bowl, too big for your little fingers to cling to. You laughed; and I held it to your mouth, and you made me drink too, and I drank where the print of your lips had been, and your lips were sweet and fresh ——"

"Seefang!" she laid a white finger on his mouth, beseechingly, and he trembled; then let her hand rest on his with something of a caress. "What is the use, Seefang?—what is the use? Do you think I have forgotten? . . . That was over and done with years and years ago. It is no use maddening ourselves. We have so little, little time. Even now, someone may interrupt us at any moment; we may not meet again—tell me about yourself, your life, all these years. I know you are a great artist; have you been happy?"

"I have made a name," he said, shortly, "in more than one sense. If I were to speak, my voice might lie to you. Look me in the face—that will answer you."

Almost childishly she obeyed him, scrutinised the dark, strong face, harsh and proud, with engrained lines of bitterness and ill-temper set upon it even in repose.

"You have answered me," she said, with a little moan.

"I have always longed for you, Rosalind, even when it seemed I had forgotten you most . . . And you ——?"

She cut him short quickly.

"I have not been over happy," she said.

"Then your husband ——?"

"My husband has been kind to me. I have done—tried to do my duty to him."

A fresh silence intervened, nervous and uneasy: each feared to dissipate it, for each was instinctively conscious of what gulfs of passion lay beneath it, irretrievable chasms into which one unstudied phrase, one word at random, might hurl them both. She was the first to make the venture.

"Can we not be friends, you and I?" And, innocently as she had spoken, the words had not fallen before she was conscious of her error; and his arms were round her, crushing the frail lace of her bodice, and their lips had joined, and the thrill in her blood had belied her protest.

"Oh, why did we do it, what was the good of it, why did we ever meet?" she moaned, when the passionate moment had passed, and they were left face to face together, stupefied, yet with the mask of convention upon them once more, if set a little awry.

"Because,——because——" he faltered. "Oh, my darling, how can we ever be friends? Oh, my love, my one love, anything but that! . . . There is only one end of it—or two—one of two, and you know that, Rosalind! My clever, cross darling, you were always clever—always understood. That is why I liked you."

She stood free of him again; her hands deftly, nervously restored one of her black, ruffled tresses.

"How little you liked me, after all!" she said at last.

And she saw, with a keen delight in her power to hurt him, with more pain at the hurt she did herself, the harsh and sneering lines round his mouth and nostrils darken into prominence, the latent brute in his face accentuate.

"There was little enough to like in you, was there, Rosalind? But, by God! I did—I loved you, yes, I love you . . . Look at the park, Rosalind! It's a mist, and dark; you can guess at the trees, believe in the grass; perhaps it's soft—and new there,—it's vague and strange . . . would you plunge into it now with me, darling—into the darkness? How this music and people tire me since I've seen you . . . would you? Cool and vague and strange! . . . No, you wouldn't—nor would I, even if it were possible. You need not answer. It would not do. There, or here, we should hurt each other as we always have—and shall, this side of the grave. That is why I said there was only one end of it, or two, and *this* is the one you choose."

Once more, she laid her hand on his, and went on, her fingers caressing, absently, the opal of his ring.

"Don't be angry, Seefang, we have so little time—if it must be so. Life is so short. Besides, we've changed, grown older; we might be kinder to each other now. What are you going to do?"

"I shall live as I have done—go abroad, perhaps, a little sooner—what else?"

"Oh, why?" she cried instinctively. "What is the good?"

"Would you have me come and see you? When are you at home? What is your day?" he asked, with an inflection, the irony of which escaped her.

"If you are reasonable, why not?" she queried.

He took up her hand and kissed it very gently, and, as it might have been a child's, retained it in his own.

"Because I am not that kind of man," he said; "because I know myself, and the world, and the world's view of me; because of my other name, out of paint; because ——"

She pulled herself away, petulantly; withdrew from him with a sullen gesture.

"How little you must respect me! You need not have told me that your reputation is infamous: I have heard of it: is it true, then?"

"It is true that I love you. As for what they say ——" he broke off with a little suppressed laugh. "You see we are beginning to quarrel, we are generating a misunderstanding—and, as you said, there is so little time. The music is quite over, and we may be invaded any moment."

"And I begin to feel chill," she said.

He helped to arrange her cloak around her, lifted aside the curtain to allow her passage.

"So this is the end?" she said, lightly; and her subtile voice had grown expressionless.

"Yes," he replied, dully; "this is the very end."

ERNEST DOWSON.

THE THREE MUSICIANS

ALONG the path that skirts the wood,
The three musicians wend their way,
Pleased with their thoughts, each other's mood,
Franz Himmel's latest roundelay,
The morning's work, a new-found theme, their breakfast and the summer day.

One's a soprano, lightly frocked
In cool, white muslin that just shows
Her brown silk stockings gaily clocked,
Plump arms and elbows tipped with rose,
And frills of petticoats and things, and outlines as the warm wind blows.

Beside her a slim, gracious boy
Hastens to mend her tresses' fall,
And dies her favour to enjoy,
And dies for *réclame* and recall
At Paris and St. Petersburg, Vienna and St. James's Hall.

The third's a Polish Pianist
With big engagements everywhere,
A light heart and an iron wrist,
And shocks and shoals of yellow hair,
And fingers that can trill on sixths and fill beginners with despair.

The three musicians stroll along
And pluck the ears of ripened corn,
Break into odds and ends of song,
And mock the woods with Siegfried's horn,
And fill the air with Gluck, and fill the tweeded tourist's soul with scorn.

The Polish genius lags behind,
And, with some poppies in his hand,
Picks out the strings and wood and wind
Of an imaginary band,
Enchanted that for once his men obey his beat and understand.

The charming cantatrice reclines
And rests a moment where she sees
Her château's roof that hotly shines
Amid the dusky summer trees,
And fans herself, half shuts her eyes, and smoothes the frock about her knees.

The gracious boy is at her feet,
And weighs his courage with his chance;
His fears soon melt in noonday heat.
The tourist gives a furious glance,
Red as his guide-book grows, moves on, and offers up a prayer for France.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

ZOLA: THE MAN AND HIS WORK

ZOLA'S name—a barbarous, explosive name, like an anarchist's bomb—has been tossed about amid hoots and yells for a quarter of a century. In every civilised country we have heard of the man who has dragged literature into the gutter, who has gone down to pick up the filth of the streets, and has put it into books for the filthy to read. And in every civilised country his books have been read by the hundred thousand, whatever judgment must be passed on the millions who have drunk of this moral sewage. But popularity failed to silence the hooting; in England, the classic land of self-righteousness, the decree went forth that this thing must be put an end to, and amid general acclamation the English publisher of such garbage was clapped into gaol. There was only a slight pause in the outcry, more a pause of stupefaction than of reconciliation, when it was known that many respected novelists in Europe and America looked up humbly to this scavenger as to a master; or again, when a metaphysician stood up in the Concord School of Philosophy and boldly classed him with Jesus and the great masters of moral irony; or once more, when the garbage-monger himself was welcomed as an honoured guest in the city which had imprisoned his publisher and prohibited his books, and when it was known that he was standing, with some hope, at the sacred portals of the French Academy.

To-day, Zola's great life-work is completed. At the same time, the uproar that it aroused has, to a large extent, fallen silent. Not that there is any general agreement as to the rank of the author of the Rougon-Macquart series; but the storms that greeted it have worn themselves out, and it is recognised that there are at least two sides to this as to other questions. Such a time is favourable to the calm discussion of Zola's precise position.

The fundamental assertion of those who, in their irreconcilable opposition to Zola, have rightly felt that abuse is not argument, has always been that Zola is no artist. The matter has usually presented itself to them as a question of Idealism *versus* Realism. Idealism, as used by the literary critic, seems to mean a careful selection of the facts of life for artistic treatment, certain facts being suited for treatment in the novel, certain other facts being not so suited; while the realist, from the literary critic's point of view, is one who flings all facts indiscriminately into his pages. I think that is a fair statement of the matter, for the literary critic does not define very clearly; still less does he ask himself how far the idealism he advocates is merely traditional, nor, usually, to what extent the manner of presentation should influence us. He does not ask himself these questions, nor need we ask him, for in the case of Zola (or, indeed, of any other so-called "realist") there is no such distinction. There is no absolute realism, merely various kinds of idealism; the only absolute realism would be a phonographic record, illustrated photographically, after the manner of Edison's kinetoscope. Zola is just as much an idealist as George Sand. It is true that he selects very largely from material things, and that he selects very profusely. But the selection remains, and where there is deliberate selection there must be art. We need not trouble ourselves here—and I doubt whether we are ever called upon to trouble ourselves—about "Realism" and "Idealism." The questions are: Has the artist selected his materials rightly? Has he selected them with due restraint?

The first question is a large one, and, in Zola's case at all events, it cannot, I think, be answered on purely æsthetic grounds; the second may be answered without difficulty. Zola has himself answered it; he admits that he has been carried away by his enthusiasm, and perhaps, also, by his extraordinary memory for recently-acquired facts (a memory like a sponge, as he has put it, quickly swollen and quickly emptied); he has sown details across his page with too profuse a hand. It is the same kind of error as Whitman made, impelled by the same kind of enthusiasm. Zola expends immense trouble to get his facts; he has told how he

ransacked the theologians to obtain body and colour for "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," perhaps the best of his earlier books. But he certainly spent no more preliminary labour on it than Flaubert spent on "Madame Bovary," very far less than Flaubert spent on the study of Carthage for "Salammbô." But the results are different; the one artist gets his effects by profusion and multiplicity of touches, the other by the deliberate self-restraint with which he selects and emphasises solely the salient and significant touches. The latter method seems to strike more swiftly and deeply the ends of art. Three strokes with the brush of Frans Hals are worth a thousand of Denner's. Rich and minute detail may impress us, but it irritates and wearies in the end. If a man takes his two children on to his knees, it matters little whether he places Lénore on his right knee and Henri on his left, or the other way about; the man himself may fail to know or to realise, and the more intense his feelings the less likely is he to know. When we are living deeply, the facts of our external life do not present themselves to us in elaborate detail; a very few points are focal in consciousness (to use Professor Lloyd Morgan's terminology), while the rest are marginal in subconsciousness. A few things stand out vividly at each moment of life; the rest are dim. The supreme artist is shown by the insight and boldness with which he seizes and illuminates these bright points at each stage, leaving the marginal elements in due subordination. Dramatists so unlike as Ford and Ibsen, novelists so unlike as Flaubert and Tolstoi, yet alike impress us by the simple vividness of their artistic effects. The methods adopted by Zola render such effects extremely difficult of attainment. Perhaps the best proof of Zola's remarkable art is the skill with which he has neutralised the evil effects of his ponderous method. In using the dramatic form, as in "Thérèse Raquin," the method, obviously, will not work, and Zola makes no attempt to get it to work, but is content to adopt fairly simple means to reach effects which, in their way, are certainly tremendous enough. But in his most characteristic novels, as "L'Assommoir," "Nana," "Germinal," his efforts to attain salient perspective in the mass of trivial or technical details—to build a single elaborate effect out of manifold details—are

often admirably conducted. Take, for instance, the Voreux, the coal-pit which may almost be said to be the hero of "Germinal" rather than any of the persons in the book. The details are not interesting, but they are carefully worked up, and the Voreux is finally symbolised as a stupendous idol, sated with human blood, crouching in its mysterious sanctuary. Whenever Zola wishes to bring the Voreux before us, this formula is repeated. And it is the same, in a slighter degree, with the other material personalities of the book. Sometimes, in the case of a crowd, this formula is simply a cry. It is so with the Parisian mob who yell "À Berlin!" in the highly-wrought conclusion to "Nana"; it is so with the crowd of strikers in "Germinal" who shout for bread. It is more than the tricky repetition of a word or a gesture, overdone by Dickens and others; it is the artful manipulation of a carefully-elaborated, significant phrase. Zola seems to have been the first who has, deliberately and systematically, introduced this sort of *leit-motiv* into literature as a method of summarising a complex mass of details, and bringing the impression of them before the reader. In this way he contrives to minimise the defects of his method, and to render his complex detail focal. He sometimes attains poignantly simple effects by the mere repetition of a *leit-motiv* at the right moment. And he is able at times, also, to throw aside his detailed method altogether, and to reach effects of tragic intensity. The mutilation of Maigrat's corpse is a scene which can scarcely have been described in a novel before. Given the subject, Zola's treatment of it has the strength, brevity, and certainty of touch which only belong to great masters of art. That Zola is a great master of his art, "L'Assommoir" and "Germinal"—which, so far as I have read Zola, seem his two finest works—are enough to prove. Such works are related to the ordinary novel much as Wagner's music-dramas are related to the ordinary Italian opera. Wagner reaches a loftier height of art than Zola; he had a more complete grasp of all the elements he took in hand to unite. Zola has not seen with sufficient clearness the point of view of science, and its capacity for harmonising with fiction; nor has he, with perfect sureness of vision, always realised the ends of art. He has left far too much of the scaffolding standing amid his huge literary structures; there is

too much mere brute fact which has not been wrought into art. But, if Zola is not among the world's greatest artists, I do not think we can finally deny that he is a great artist.

To look at Zola from the purely artistic standpoint, however, is scarcely to see him at all. His significance for the world generally, and even for literature, lies less in a certain method of using his material—as it may be said to lie, for example, in the case of the Goncourts—than in the material itself, and the impulses and ideas that prompted his selection of that material. These growing piles of large books are the volcanic ejecta of an original and exuberant temperament. To understand them we must investigate this temperament.

A considerable and confused amount of racial energy was stored up in Zola. At once French, Italian and Greek—with a mother from the central Beauce country of France, more fruitful in corn than in intellect, and a father of mixed foreign race, a mechanical genius in his way, with enthusiastic energies and large schemes—he presents a curious combination of potential forces, perhaps not altogether a very promising combination. One notes that the mechanical engineer in the father seems to have persisted in the son, not necessarily by heredity, but perhaps by early familiarity and association. Young Zola was by no means a brilliant schoolboy, though he once won a prize for memory; such ability as he showed was in the direction of science; he had no literary aptitudes. He seems to have adopted literature chiefly because pen and ink come handiest to the eager energies of a poor clerk. It is scarcely fanciful to detect the mechanical aptitudes still. Just as all Huxley's natural instincts were towards mechanics, and in physiology he always sought for the "go" of the organism, so Zola, however imperfect his scientific equipment may be, has always sought for the "go" of the social organism. The history of the Rougon-Macquart family is a study in social mathematics: given certain family strains, what is the dynamic hereditary outcome of their contact?

To the making of Zola there went, therefore, this curious racial blend, as a soil ready to be fertilised by any new seed, and a certain almost instinctive tendency to look at things from the mechanical and material point

of view. To these, in very early life, a third factor was added of the first importance. During long years after his father's death, Zola, as a child and youth, suffered from poverty, poverty almost amounting to actual starvation, the terrible poverty of respectability. The whole temper of his work and his outlook on the world are clearly conditioned by this prolonged starvation of adolescence. The timid and reserved youth—for such, it is said, has been Zola's character both in youth and manhood—was shut up with his fresh energies in a garret while the panorama of the Paris world was unfolded below him. Forced by circumstances or by temperament to practise the strictest chastity and sobriety, there was but one indulgence left open to him, an orgy of vision. Of this, as we read his books, we cannot doubt that he fully availed himself, for each volume of the Rougon-Macquart series is an orgy of material vision.*

Zola is still said to be chaste, and he is still sober—though we are told that his melancholy morose face lights up like a gourmet's at dinner-time—but this early eagerness to absorb the sights as well as the sounds, and one may add the smells, of the external world, has at length become moulded into a routine method. To take some corner of life, and to catalogue every detail of it, to place a living person in it, and to describe every sight and smell and sound around him, although he himself may be quite unconscious of them—that, in the simplest form, is the recipe for making a *roman expérimental*. The method, I wish to insist, was rooted in the author's experience of the world. Life only came to him as the sights, sounds, smells, that reached his garret window. His soul seems to have been starved at the centre, and to have encamped at the sensory periphery. He never tasted deep of life, he

* "Mes souvenirs," he told a psychological interviewer, "ont une puissance, un relief extraordinaire; ma mémoire est énorme, prodigieuse, elle me gêne; quand j'évoque les objets que j'ai vus, je les revois tels qu'ils sont réellement avec leurs lignes, leurs formes, leurs couleurs, leurs odeurs, leurs sons; *c'est une matérialisation à outrance;* le soleil qui les éclairait m'éblouit presque; l'odeur me suffoque, les détails s'accrochent à moi et m'empêchent de voir l'ensemble. Aussi pour le ressaisir me faut il attendre un certain temps. Cette possibilité d'évocation ne dure pas très longtemps; le relief de l'image est d'une exactitude, d'une intensité inouïes, puis l'image s'efface, disparaît, cela s'en va." This description suggests myopia, and it is a fact that Zola has been short-sighted from youth; he first realised it at nineteen. His other senses, especially smell, are very keen.

stored up none of those wells of purely personal emotion from which great artists have hoisted up the precious fluid which makes the bright, living blood of their creations. How different he is in this respect from the other great novelist of our day, who has also been a volcanic force of world-wide significance! Tolstoi comes before us as a man who has himself lived deeply, a man who has had an intense thirst for life, and who has satisfied that thirst. He has craved to know life, to know women, the joy of wine, the fury of battle, the taste of the ploughman's sweat in the field. He has known all these things, not as material to make books, but as the slaking of instinctive personal passions. And in knowing them he has stored up a wealth of experience from which he drew as he came to make books, and which bear about them that peculiar haunting fragrance only yielded by the things which have been lived through, personally, in the far past. Zola's method has been quite otherwise: when he wished to describe a great house he sat outside the palatial residence of M. Menier, the chocolate manufacturer, and imagined for himself the luxurious fittings inside, discovering in after years that his description had come far short of the reality; before writing "Nana," he obtained an introduction to a courtesan, with whom he was privileged to lunch; his laborious preparation for the wonderful account of the war of 1870, in "La Débâcle," was purely one of books, documents, and second-hand experiences; when he wished to write of labour he went to the mines and to the fields, but never appears to have done a day's manual work. Zola's literary methods are those of the *parvenu* who has tried to thrust himself in from outside, who has never been seated at the table of life, who has never really lived. That is their weakness. It is also their virtue. There is no sense of satiety in Zola's work as there is in Tolstoi's. One can understand how it is that, although their methods are so unlike, Tolstoi himself regards Zola as the one French novelist of the day who is really alive. The starved lad, whose eyes were concentrated with longing on the visible world, has reaped a certain reward from his intellectual chastity; he has preserved his clearness of vision for material things, an eager, insatiable, impartial vision. He is a zealot in his devotion to life, to the smallest details of life. He has

fought like the doughtiest knight of old-world romance for his lady's honour, and has suffered more contumely than they all. "On barde de fer nos urinoirs!" he shouts in a fury of indignation in one of his essays; it is a curious instance of the fanatic's austere determination that no barrier shall be set up to shut out the sights and smells of the external world. The virgin freshness of his thirst for life gives its swelling, youthful vigour to his work, its irrepressible energy.

It has, indeed, happened with this unsatisfied energy as it will happen with such energies; it has retained its robustness at the sacrifice of the sweetness it might otherwise have gained. There is a certain bitterness in Zola's fury of vision, as there is also in his gospel of "Work! work! work!" One is conscious of a savage assault on a citadel which, the assailant now well knows, can never be scaled. Life cannot be reached by the senses alone; there is always something that cannot be caught by the utmost tension of eyes and ears and nose; a well-balanced soul is built up, not alone on sensory memories, but also on the harmonious satisfaction of the motor and emotional energies. That cardinal fact must be faced even when we are attempting to define the fruitful and positive element in Zola's activity.

The chief service which Zola has rendered to his fellow artists and successors, the reason of the immense stimulus he supplies, seems to lie in the proofs he has brought of the latent artistic uses of the rough, neglected details of life. The Rougon-Macquart series has been to his weaker brethren like that great sheet knit at the four corners, let down from Heaven full of four-footed beasts and creeping things and fowls of the air, and bearing in it the demonstration that to the artist as to the moralist nothing can be called common or unclean. It has henceforth become possible for other novelists to find inspiration where before they could never have turned, to touch life with a vigour and audacity of phrase which, without Zola's example, they would have trembled to use, while they still remain free to bring to their work the simplicity, precision, and inner experience which he has never possessed. Zola has enlarged the field of the novel. He has brought the modern material world into fiction in a more definite and thorough manner than it

has ever been brought before, just as Richardson brought the modern emotional world into fiction; such an achievement necessarily marks an epoch. In spite of all his blunders, Zola has given the novel new power and directness, a vigour of fibre which was hard indeed to attain, but which, once attained, we may chasten as we will. And in doing this he has put out of court, perhaps for ever, those unwholesome devotees of the novelist's art who, worked out of their vacuity, have neither inner nor outer world to tell of.

Zola's delight in exuberant detail, it is true, is open to severe criticism. When, however, we look at his work, not as a great art but as an important moment in the evolution of the novel, this exuberance is amply justified. Such furious energy in hammering home this demonstration of the artistic utility of the whole visible modern world may detract from the demonstrator's reputation for skill; it has certainly added to the force of the demonstration. Zola's luxuriance of detail has extended impartially to every aspect of life he has investigated, to the working of a mine, to the vegetation of the Paradou, to the ritual of the Catholic Church. But it is not on the details of inanimate life, or the elaborate description of the industrial and religious functions of men, that the rage of Zola's adversaries has chiefly been spent. It is rather on his use of the language of the common people and on his descriptions of the sexual and digestive functions of humanity. Zola has used slang—the *argot* of the populace—copiously, chiefly indeed in "L'Assommoir" which is professedly a study of low life, but to a less extent in his other books. A considerable part of the power of "L'Assommoir," in many respects Zola's most perfect work, lies in the skill with which he uses the language of the people he is dealing with; the reader is bathed throughout in an atmosphere of picturesque, vigorous, often coarse *argot*. There is, no doubt, a lack of critical sobriety in the profusion and reiteration of vulgarisms, of coarse oaths, of the varied common synonyms for common things. But they achieve the end that Zola sought, and so justify themselves.

They are of even greater interest as a protest against the exaggerated purism which has ruled the French language for nearly three centuries, and while rendering it a more delicate and precise instrument for scientific purposes, has caused it to become rather bloodless and colourless for the

artist's purposes, as compared with the speech used by Rabelais, Montaigne, and even Molière, the great classics who have chiefly influenced Zola. The romantic movement of the present century, it is true, added colour to the language, but scarcely blood; it was an exotic, feverish colour which has not permanently enriched French speech. A language rendered anæmic by over-clarification cannot be fed by exotic luxuries but by an increase in the vigorous staples of speech, and Zola was on the right track when he went to the people's common speech, which is often classic in the true sense and always robust. Doubtless he has been indiscriminate and even inaccurate in his use of *argot*, sometimes giving undue place to what is of merely temporary growth. But the main thing was to give literary place and prestige to words and phrases which had fallen so low in general estimate, in spite of their admirable expressiveness, that only a writer of the first rank and of unequalled audacity could venture to lift them from the mire. This Zola has done; and those who follow him may easily exercise the judgment and discretion in which he has been lacking.

Zola's treatment of the sexual and the digestive functions, as I pointed out, has chiefly aroused his critics. If you think of it, these two functions are precisely the central functions of life, the two poles of hunger and love around which the world revolves. It is natural that it should be precisely these fundamental aspects of life which in the superficial contact of ordinary social intercourse we are for ever trying more and more to refine away and ignore. They are subjected to an ever-encroaching process of attenuation and circumlocution, and as a social tendency this influence is possibly harmless or even beneficial. But it is constantly extending to literature also, and here it is disastrous. It is true that a few great authors—classics of the first rank—have gone to extremes in their resistance to this tendency. These extremes are of two kinds: the first issuing in a sort of coprolalia, or inclination to dwell on excrement, which we find to a slight extent in Rabelais and to a marked extent in the half-mad Swift; in its fully-developed shape this coprolalia is an uncontrollable instinct found in some forms of insanity. The other extreme is that of pruriency, or the perpetual itch to circle round sexual matters, accompanied by a timidity

which makes it impossible to come right up to them; this sort of impotent fumbling in women's placket-holes finds its supreme literary exponent in Sterne. Like coprolalia, when uncontrolled, prurience is a well-recognised characteristic of the insane, leading them to find a vague eroticism everywhere. But both these extreme tendencies have not been found incompatible with the highest literary art. And, moreover, their most pronounced exponents have been clerics, the conventional representatives of the Almighty. However far Zola might go in these directions, he would still be in what is universally recognised as very good company. He has in these respects by no means come up with Father Rabelais and Dean Swift and the Rev. Laurence Sterne; but there can be little doubt that, along both lines, he has gone farther than a perfectly well-balanced artist would go. On the one hand he over-emphasises what is repulsive in the nutritive side of life, and on the other hand, with the timid obsession of chastity, he over-emphasises the nakedness of flesh. In so doing, he has revealed a certain flabbiness in his art, although he has by no means diminished his service in widening the horizon of literary speech and subject. Bearing in mind that many crowned kings of literature have approached these subjects quite as closely as Zola, and far less seriously, it does not seem necessary to enter any severer judgment here.

To enlarge the sphere of language is an unthankful task, but in the long run literature owes an immense debt to the writers who courageously add to the stock of strong and simple words. Our own literature during the last two centuries has been terribly hampered by the social tendency of life to slur expression, and to paraphrase or suppress all forceful and poignant words. If we go back to Chaucer, or even to Shakespeare, we realise what power of expression we have lost. It is enough, indeed, to turn to our English Bible. The literary power of the English Bible is largely due to the unconscious instinct for style which happened to be in the air when it was chiefly moulded, to the simple, direct, unashamed vigour of its speech. If some of the stories of the Old Testament were presented to us under some trifling disguise on week-days we should declare that they were filthier than the filthiest things in Zola; and, certainly, if the discovery

of the Bible had been left for us to make, any English translation would have to be issued at a high price by some esoteric society for fear lest it should fall into the hands of the British matron. It is our British love of compromise, we say, that makes it possible for a spade to be called a spade on one day of the week, but on no other; our neighbours, whose minds are more logically constituted, call it *le cant Britannique*. But our mental compartments remain very water-tight, and on the whole we are even worse off than the French who have no Bible. For instance, we have almost lost the indispensable words "belly" and "bowels," both used so often and with such admirable effect in the Psalms; we talk of the "stomach," a word which is not only an incorrect equivalent, but at best totally inapt for serious or poetic uses. Anyone who is acquainted with our old literature, or with the familiar speech of the common folk, will recall numberless similar instances of simple, powerful expressions which are lost or vanishing from literary language, leaving no available substitute behind. In modern literary language, indeed, man scarcely exists save in his extremities. For we take the pubes as a centre, and we thence describe a circle with a radius of some eighteen inches—in America the radius is rather longer—and we forbid any reference to any organ within that circle, save that maid-of-all-work the "stomach"; in other words, we make it impossible to say anything to the point concerning the central functions of life. It is a question how far any real vital literature can be produced under such conditions.

In considering Zola, we are constantly brought back to the fact that most of the things that he has tried to do have been better done by more accomplished artists. The Goncourts have extended the sphere of language even in the direction of slang, and have faced many of the matters that Zola has faced, and with far more delicate, though usually more shadowy, art; Balzac has created as large and vivid a world of people, though drawing more of it from his own imagination; Huysmans has greater skill in stamping the vision of strange or sordid things on the brain; Tolstoi gives a deeper realisation of life; Flaubert is as audaciously naturalistic, and has, as well, that perfect self-control which should always accompany audacity. And in Flaubert, too, we find something of the same irony as in Zola.

This irony, however, is a personal and characteristic feature of Zola's work. It is irony alone which gives it distinction and poignant incisiveness. Irony may be called the soul of Zola's work, the embodiment of his moral attitude towards life. It has its source, doubtless, like so much else that is characteristic, in his early days of poverty and aloofness from the experiences of life. There is a fierce impartiality—the impartiality of one who is outside and shut off—in this manner of presenting the brutalities and egoisms and pettinesses of men. The fury of his irony is here equalled by his self-restraint. He concentrates it into a word, a smile, a gesture. Zola believes, undoubtedly, in a reformed, even perhaps a revolutionised, future of society, but he has no illusions. He sets down things as he sees them. He has no tendernesses for the working-classes, no pictures of rough diamonds. We may see this very clearly in "Germinal." Here every side of the problem of modern capitalism is presented: the gentle-natured shareholding class unable to realise a state of society in which people should not live on dividends and give charity; the official class with their correct authoritative views, very sure that they will always be needed to control labour and maintain social order; and the workers, some brutalised, some suffering like dumb beasts, some cringing to the bosses, some rebelling madly, a few striving blindly for justice.

There is no loophole in Zola's impartiality; the gradual development of the seeming hero of "Germinal," Étienne Lantier, the agitator, honest in his revolt against oppression, but with an unconscious bourgeois ideal at his heart, seems unerringly right. All are the victims of an evil social system, as Zola sees the world, the enslaved workers as much as the overfed masters; the only logical outcome is a clean sweep—the burning up of the chaff and straw, the fresh furrowing of the earth, the new spring of a sweet and vigorous race. That is the logical outcome of Zola's attitude, the attitude of an optimist, or at all events a meliorist, who regards our present society as a thoroughly vicious circle. His pity for men and women is boundless; his disdain is equally boundless. It is only towards animals that his tenderness is untouched by contempt; some of his most memorable passages are concerned with the sufferings of animals. The New Jerusalem may be fitted

up, but the Montsou miners will never reach it; they will fight for the first small, stuffy, middle-class villa they meet on the way. And Zola pours out the stream of his pitiful, pitiless irony on the weak, helpless, erring children of men. It is this moral energy, combined with his volcanic exuberance, which lifts him to a position of influence above the greater artists with whom we may compare him.

It is by no means probable that the world will continue to read Zola much longer. His work is already done; but when the nineteenth century is well past it may be that he will still have his interest. There will be plenty of material, especially in the newspapers, for the future historian to reconstruct the social life of the latter half of the nineteenth century. But the material is so vast that these historians will possibly be even more biassed and one-sided than our own. For a vivid, impartial picture—on the whole a faithful picture—of certain of the most characteristic aspects of this period, seen indeed from the outside, but drawn by a contemporary in all its intimate and even repulsive details, the reader of a future age can best go to Zola. What would we not give for a thirteenth century Zola! We should read with painful, absorbed interest a narrative of the Black Death as exact as that of nineteenth century alcoholism in "L'Assommoir." The story of how the serf lived, as fully told as in "La Terre," would be of incomparable value. The early merchant and usurer would be a less dim figure if "L'Argent" had been written about him. The abbeys and churches of those days have in part come down to us, but no "Germinal" remains to tell of the lives and thoughts of the men who hewed those stones, and piled them, and carved them. How precious such record would have been we may realise when we recall the incomparable charm of Chaucer's prologue to "The Canterbury Tales." But our children's children, with the same passions alive at their hearts under incalculably different circumstances, will in the pages of the Rougon-Macquart series find themselves back again among all the strange, remote details of a vanished world. What a fantastic and terrible page of old-world romance!

HAVELOCK ELLIS.

La Parisienne par Louis OURY

TWO LOVE POEMS

THE SHADOWY HORSES

I HEAR the shadowy horses, their long manes a-shake,
Their hoofs heavy with tumult, their eyes glimmering white;
The North unrolls above them clinging, creeping night,
The East tells all her secret joy before daybreak,
The West weeps in pale dew, and sighs, passing away,
The South would cover them with roses of crimson fire:
O vanity of sleep, hope, dream, endless desire;
The horses of disaster plunge in the desolate clay.
Beloved, let your eyes half close, and your heart beat
Over my heart, and your hair fall about my breast
Drowning Love's lonely hour in deep twilight of rest;
And hide their tossing manes and their tumultuous feet.

THE TRAVAIL OF PASSION

WHEN the flaming, lute-thronged angelic door is wide;
When an immortal passion breathes in mortal clay,
Our hearts endure the plaited thorn, the crowded way,
The knotted scourge, the nail-pierced hands, the wounded side,
The hissop-heavy sponge, the flowers by Kidron stream:
We will bend down, and loosen our hair over you
That it may drop faint perfume and be heavy with dew,
Lilies of death-pale hope, roses of passionate dream.

W. B. YEATS.

DIEPPE: 1895

I

I WENT to Dieppe this summer, with the intention of staying from Saturday to Monday. Two months afterwards, I began to wonder, with a very mild kind of surprise, why I had not yet returned to London. And I was not the only one to fall under this inexplicable fascination. There is a fantastical quality in Dieppe air which somehow turns us all, at our moments, into amiable and enthusiastic lunatics. Relays of friends kept arriving, I as little as they knew why; and some of them, like myself, never went back. Others, forced to live mostly in London, and for the most part content to live there, went backwards and forwards every week. What is it, in this little French watering-place, that appeals so to the not quite conventional Englishman, brings him to it, holds him in it, brings him back to it so inevitably? Nothing, and everything; an impalpable charm, the old-fashioned distinction of a little town which has still, in its faded lawns by the sea, in the line of white hotels beyond the lawns, something of that 1830 air which exhales for us from a picture of Bonington. And then Dieppe is so discreetly, and with such self-respect, hospitable to us English; so different from the vulgar friendliness of Boulogne, with its "English chop-houses" insulting one's taste at every step. Dieppe receives us with perfectly French manners, offers us politeness, and exacts it on our part, and pleases a sensitive and appreciative Englishman because it is so charming in such a French way. And then life, if you will but abandon yourself to the natural current of things, passes in a dream. I do not quite know why, but one cannot take things seriously at Dieppe. Only just on the other side of that blue streak is England: England means London. At the other end of a short railway-line is Paris. But all that is merely so many words; the mind refuses to grasp it as a fact. One's duties, probably,

call one to London or Paris, one's realisable pleasures; everything but the moment's vague, immense, I say again, inexplicable, satisfaction, which broods and dawdles about Dieppe.

At Dieppe the sea is liberal, and affords you a long sweep from the cliffs on the left to the pier on the right. A few villas nestle under the cliffs; then comes the Casino, which takes its slice of the *plage* with excellent judgment. Built of peppermint-coloured brick, it sprawls its length insolently above the sea. It is quite nice, as casinos go; it is roomy, and has some amusing chandeliers hung up by ribbons; and the terrace is absolutely charming. If you are insular enough to wish it, you can sit and drink brandies and sodas all day; if you would do in France as the French do, you can sit nearer the parapet, with an awning stretched above your head, and look out drowsily over the sea, which is worth looking at here, opalescent, full of soft changes; and you can chat with as many of the *beautés de plage*, Polish princes, and distinguished artistic people as you happen to know. There is the Prince de Sagan, with his irreproachable button-hole; the Comtesse de Greffulhe is standing on the *estacade*; Massenet and Saint-Saëns are sitting on the chairs yonder; Cléo de Mérode, the 1830 beauty of the Opera, whose photograph you have seen in every shop window in Paris, is taking her bath, wearing the prettiest little black socks, yellow gloves, and a thin, many-twisted gold chain about her neck. All around you, bright in the bright sun, there is a flow of soft dresses, mostly in sharp, clear colours, vivid yellows and blues and whites, the most wonderful blues, more dazzling than the sea. And there are delicious hats, floating over the hair like clouds; great floating sleeves, adding wings to the butterfly. I adore beautiful summer dresses, and here at Dieppe you have all the fashions and felicities of a whole summer.

Ah! but the *plage*, on a sunny morning in mid-season, what a feast of colour, of movement, of the most various curiosities! The *plage* has its social laws, its social divisions, an etiquette almost as scrupulous as a drawing-room. All the space in front of the Casino is tacitly reserved for the people

who subscribe to the Casino, and who are moving up and down the wooden staircase from the terrace to the beach all day long. Beyond that limit the *plage* is plebeian, and belongs to everybody. Women sit about there with shawls and babies and paper parcels. At the bathing hours it is a little more select, for some people, with full liberty of choice, prefer to bathe there. Outside the Casino there are fewer people, but one is more or less smart, and the barons and *beautés de plage* are alike here. In front of the double row of bathing machines there is a line of little private boxes. Smart women sit on exhibition in every compartment, wearing their best hats and smiles, sometimes pretending to read or sew: as if one did anything but sit on exhibition, and flirt, and chatter, and look at the bathers! There is a constant promenade along the shifting and resounding pathway of boards laid over the great pebbles; chairs are grouped closely all along the *plage* between this promenade and the sea; there is another little crowd on the *estacade*, from which the bathers are diving. The bright dresses glitter in the sunlight, like a flower garden; white *peignoirs*, bright and dark bathing costumes, the white and rose of bare and streaming flesh, passing to and fro, hurriedly, between the bathing machines and the sea. The men, if they have good figures, look well; they have at least the chance of looking well. But the women! Rare, indeed, is the woman who can look pretty, in her toilette or herself, as she comes out of the sea, wraps herself in a sort of white nightgown, and staggers up the beach, the water running down her legs. Even at the more elegant moment when she drops her *peignoir* at the sea's edge, before stepping in, it is hard for her, with the best intentions on her part and the best of wishes on ours, to look desirable. She is often wise enough to wear corsets; without them, even an excellent figure may appear a little extreme, in one direction or another. It is with a finer taste, after all, that in England the women are not allowed to bathe with the men, are kept out of sight as much as possible. A sentimental sensualist should avoid the French seaside. He will be pained at seeing how ridiculous a beautiful woman may look when she has very few clothes on. The lines of the body are lost or deformed; there is none of the suggestion of ordinary

costume, only a grotesque and shapeless image, all in pits and protuberances, for which Nature should be ashamed to accept responsibility. Complete nudity, there is no doubt, has its charm, though of a somewhat primitive kind;

but this state of being undressed and yet covered, in this makeshift, unmilliner-like way, it is too barbarous, Mesdames, for the tolerance of any gentleman of taste.

II

The Casino has many charms. You can dance there, listen to music, walk or sit on the terrace in the sun, write your letters in the reading-room on the very pictorial paper which is so carefully doled out to you; but it is for none of these things that the Casino exists, it is in none of these things that there lies the unique fascination of the Casino, for those to whom the Casino has a unique fascination. The Casino, properly speaking, is only a gorgeous stable for the little horses which run away with all the money of the visitors, to heap up the golden hoards of Mr. Isidore Bloch, late of Monte Carlo. All the rooms in the Casino open into the room of the green tables; all the alleys of the gardens lead there. In the intervals of the concert, if you wish to stroll for a few minutes on the terrace, you have to pass through the room; you see the avid circle about the tables, the swish of the horses; you hear the monotonous "Faites vos jeux, Messieurs . . . . Les jeux sont faits . . . . Rien ne va plus," and then, after the expectant pause, the number: "L'as, numéro un." And in time, however strong, or however idle, or however indifferent you are, you will be drawn into that fascinated circle, you will be seized by the irresistible impulse, you will begin to play. The fascination of gambling, to the real amateur of the thing, is stronger than any other passion. Men forget that a beautiful woman is sitting opposite to them; women do not so much as notice that a more beautiful toilette than their own has just come into the room. I have seen the most famous professional beauties of Paris sit at those green tables, and not a soul has looked at them except the croupiers and myself.

I said the impulse was irresistible. I have proved it on myself. Gambling in the abstract has no charms for me; I can go to the races without the slightest inclination to take the odds; it annoys me when little

newspaper boys rush up to me as if expecting me to buy their papers because they are the first to shout "All the win-ner!" I lounged about the room of the *Petits Chevaux* for weeks without putting on more than two or three two-franc pieces, which I contentedly lost. I saw my friends winning and losing every afternoon and every evening; I saw them leaving the tables with their pockets bulging with five-franc pieces; I heard them discussing lucky numbers; I saw the strength of the passion which held them by the urgency and the futility of their remorse when they had lost; I heard them saying to me, "It will be your turn next," and I laughed, certain of myself. I put on a few francs to please a charming lady whom it had pleased to tempt me, and I found myself waiting with more interest for the turn of her head as she smiled up to me, from time to time, over her shoulder, than for the turn of the little horse past the winning post. I knew by that that the demon of play had not bitten me; I felt absolutely safe.

Well, of course, I succumbed, and the sensation I experienced was worth the price I paid for it. While I played, nothing existed but the play; the money slipped through my fingers, I gathered it in, flung it forth, with an absorption so complete that my actions were almost mechanical. My brain seemed to act with instantaneous energy; no sooner had I willed than my fingers were placing the coins here, and not there, I knew not why, on the table. I followed no system, and I never hesitated. I then knew for the first time the strength of convictions for which there is not even the pretence of a foundation. While my money lasted, and I saw it flowing to me and from me so capriciously, I felt what I think must have been the intoxication of abandoning oneself to Fate, with an astonishing sense of superiority over ordinary mortals, from whom I was almost more absolutely removed than if I had been moving in a haschisch dream. And in the exaltation, the absorption, of this dream, in which I was acting with such reckless and causeless certainty, there was no really disillusioning shock, either when I lost or when I won. My excitement was so great that I accepted these accidents as merely points in a progress. After a time I did not even play for the sake of winning. I played for the sake of playing.

After all, *Petits Chevaux* is the merest amateur gambling; the serious people who play baccarat next door, in the club, would laugh at it, and rightly, from the gambler's point of view. The interest of the thing is in its revelation of the universal humanity of the gambling instinct, which comes out so certainly and so unexpectedly in the people who gamble once in the year, for a few scores or a few hundreds of francs. And those green tables are so admirable in the view they afford of the little superstitions which exist somewhere in the background of all minds. This table is lucky to such a person, that column to another. The women swear by the croupiers, and will take any amount of trouble to get a seat by the side of the one they prefer. And the croupiers, little miserable engines of Fate, sit with folded hands and intent eyes, impassive, supercilious, like little Eastern gods, raking in the money without satisfaction, and tossing you your winnings with an air of disdain. Yet they, too, in spite of their air of supremacy, are entirely at the mercy of a moment's caprice. A croupier at whose table too much is won is liable to instant dismissal; at the best, they earn their five hundred francs a month only during the few months of the season, and the most imposing of all the croupiers at the tables now has just appealed to a lady who plays there, offering himself and his wife as servants.

III

On certain afternoons there is a *Bal des Enfants* at the Casino. You cannot imagine anything more delicious. All around the room sit children, in their white dresses, their little, thin, black and yellow legs set forth gravely. They are preoccupied with their fans, their sashes, their gloves; their hair is beautifully done all over their heads, and falls down their backs. The little boys, in velvet and navy suits, march to and fro, very solemnly, a little awkwardly, bow, and choose partners. The bigger girls (some of them are thirteen or fourteen) jump up, cross the room hurriedly, with the nervous movement of young girls walking, tossing their hair back from their shoulders; they form little groups, laugh and nod to the grown-up people who stand about the door; and every now and then pounce on a tiny sister, and pull

about her dress until its set suits them. In the middle of the room stand two absurd persons: the blonde Jew with the immense pink nose, the golden beard and moustaches, who acts as master of the ceremonies: he tries to assume a paternal air, his swollen eyes dart about nervously; and the middle-aged lady with eyeglasses, who is more immediately concerned with the

children's conduct. She is frankly anxious, fussy and occupied. The orchestra is about to begin, and in the middle of the room a little helpless ring of very tiny children, infants, begins to walk gravely round and round; the tiny people hold one another's hands, wonderingly, and toddle along with their heads looking over their shoulders, all in opposite directions. The dance has

begun: it is the Moska, with its funny rhythm, its double stamp of the heels. Some of the children dance charmingly, with a pretty exactness in the trip and turn of the toes, the fling of the leg. There are adorable frocks, marvellous faces. They turn, turn, stop short, stamp their heels and turn again. The whole thing is so gay and simple and artificial, these little, got-up people who are playing at being their elders. It is so pretty altogether and so exciting, that I could watch it for hours. Nothing is more exciting than to see children masquerading. I am always disposed to take them, as they would be taken, very seriously, to think of them almost as of men and women. As if they were not so far more attractive than any possible men and women! I hate to think of those long, thin legs getting stouter, and being covered up in skirts; of all that floating hair being twisted up into coils and bundled together obscurely at the back of the head. I can see the elder sisters of these enchanting little absurdities standing beside me at the door. How uninteresting they are, how little they invite the wandering of even the vaguest emotion!

IV

But all Dieppe is not to be seen at the Casino, and, perhaps, not the most intimate part of Dieppe. I had the good fortune to live in the very heart of the town, just outside the principal doorway of the Église Saint-Jacques. I have never in my live had a more genuine, and, in its way, profound sensation than my daily and nightly view of that adorable old church, a somewhat flamboyant Gothic, certainly, which I grew to love and wonder at with an intimacy that was entirely new to me. To look out last thing at night, before getting into bed, and see the grey stone flowering there before me, rising up into the stars as if at home there, and so full of solid shadow about its base, broadly planted on the solid earth; to rise in the morning and look out on the same grey mass, white in parts, and warm in the early sunlight; there never was a *décor* which pleased me so much, which put so many dreams into my head. Every Gothic church is a nest of dreams, and the least religiously-minded of men has his moments of devotion, of spiritual exaltation, before so delicate and so enduring a work

of men's hands in praise of God. Sight and thought are lost in it; one feels its immensity as one feels the immensity of the sea. And it was as dear to me as the sea itself, this church of the patron saint of fishermen, who leans upon his staff, a sensual Jewish person with fleshy lips and a smile which is somewhat sneering, in the arch of the doorway. During the first part of my stay, the fineness, the supremacy, the air of eternity of the church, were curiously accentuated by a horrid little fair which installed itself at the church's very base, in every corner of the many-cornered ground about it. All day long, into the late evening, the wooden horses went swaying round to the noise of two or three tunes which dinned themselves into one's brain; a transformation show of Joan of Arc, just below my window, had a drum and a cornet at the door, an advertisement I could well have spared of the little, proud girl who stood outside, so seriously, in her pink tights, her tin helmet and breast-plate. A peep-show, a few steps further on, in which you saw the murder of M. Carnot and the degradation of M. Dreyfus, had a piano, which was played with diligence. Shots were fired all day long in the "Tir des Salons," which stood just this side of the "Théâtre Moderne," which had a small band. Then, all around, clinging still closer to the skirts of the church, were caravans and tents, in which all these motley people lived and slept and did their cooking. They swarmed about it like a crowd of insects, throwing up their little mounds in the earth; and the church rose calmly, undisturbed, almost unconscious of the very existence of the swarm, as the Eternal Church rises out of the agitations and feverish coming-and-going of the world and the fashions of the world.

The fair was horrid, an oppression, a nightmare; it kept me from work, from sleep, from the decent charity we owe our fellow mortals; I could not hear myself talk; but as there is no experience in the world which has not its contribution, if we choose to take it, to our sense of the agreeable, I managed to snatch a few amusing sensations out of even this discomfort. I had my own little romance in the fair, the most trifling, the most absurd of little romances that ever was. Still! One evening I chanced to go into

one of the shooting-galleries, the "Tir des Salons" it was ceremoniously called, in company with one or two idle friends, and as I fired, fruitlessly enough, at the dancing bubbles on the fountain, I noticed that the girl who loaded my musket for me was a little, blonde person with dancing blue eyes, frizzly golden hair, a cheeky little nose, which was cheeky and yet exquisite, and a perfectly golden complexion. She was about fifteen years of age: I like youth. We chatted and laughed together a good deal, and I stayed longer in the "Tir" than I had intended. From that time I could never pass the door (which I was obliged to do several times a day) without my little friend rushing forward, all smiles, clapping her hands to me, or dancing up and down on both feet: I spent no more money there, so her liking for me was scarcely interested. Occasionally I would stop and chat, if she were alone in the place; but a mother would generally appear somewhere in the dark at the back, call to her in a harsh voice, and she would have to leave me, with a little piteous grimace. She liked to look at my books and papers, and would not shake hands if her hands seemed to her too dirty. One day, as I was looking out of my window, I saw her little face at the tiny window of one of the caravans down below; it was the living-waggon of the family; and sometimes she used to sit on the doorstep mending her stockings, and she would wave the stockings gaily to me in the air as I sat at my window writing. I liked to look out and see her there; it was a sort of company.

One morning I woke up to find that the peep-show was taking down its boards: the fair, at last, was really going away. I can never see the preparations for even the most welcome moving without a certain sadness; but never had any moving been so welcome to me. I was no longer to hear those three tunes, the waltz, the "Gardes Municipaux," and "Daisy Bell." I should be able to sleep, to write, to hear myself talk. And I heaved a sigh of relief.

And then, with a smile, I almost sighed as I saw the little hand of the girl at the "Tir" waving to me from the door of her caravan. I was really sincerely sorry that my little friend was going away. I thought of going

downstairs to say good-bye to her, to tell her I was sorry she was going; but I was sure she would know that, and, besides, was it worth the trouble? So I nodded, and went on with my dressing.

When I came back to my room that afternoon her little show was still standing; it was the last one left. All the afternoon I sat at my window writing, and whenever I glanced down below the little yellow person was smiling up at me, with some pretty little gesture, in the midst of her work. She worked very hard, carrying about heavy beams and mattresses and all kinds of domestic and professional objects. When all the packing was finished, the old grandfather came and sat down in his chair in the middle of the road, put on his spectacles, and began to read his newspaper. The whole family grouped itself elegantly about the caravan, and my little person perched herself on the doorstep in the old way, and once more began to mend her stockings. She was very tired, very glad to have finished her heavy work ; and when I looked down she would wave her stockings to me (if no one was looking) with that gay little air which pleased me so much. I held up the sheet on which I had been writing verses. She danced up and down, and beckoned to me to give it to her. I shook my head and went on writing.

That was the last I saw of her. The next morning I awoke suddenly with a start and, without quite knowing why, sprang out of bed and rushed to the window. The noise of heavy wheels had awakened me, and I was just in time to see the hindward half of my little friend's caravan heave slowly round the corner. I fancied her looking up at my empty window, waving her hand for the last time, wishing I would wake up and look out and say good-bye to her. I would have given so much to have been there at the window just five minutes earlier. It would have pleased her, the gay little person whose name I never knew, my little friend, whom I liked because she liked me.

VI

Very characteristic of Dieppe, I thought, and certainly quite unlike anything you can see in England, is the aspect of the Place Nationale on a market-day, with its statue of Duquesne, so brilliant and vivid in his great, flapping hat, standing there in the middle; it reminded me somewhat of the Good-Friday fair at Venice, which is held round the Goldoni statue near the Rialto. But the colours, despite the strong sunlight, are far from Venetian. At the cathedral end of the square are the butchers; then come the vegetables, splashes of somewhat tawdry green, all over the ground, and up and down the stalls. The vegetables reach nearly as far as the statue; just this side of it begin the clothes and commodities, which give its fair-like air to the market. Stalls alternate with ground-plots, all alike covered with cheap trousers, flannel shirts, heavy boots and carpet shoes, braces, foulards, handkerchiefs, stays, bright ribbons, veils, balls of worsted, shoe-laces, and, above all, dress-pieces of every sort of common and trumpery pattern. The women stop, handle them, draw them out, and the saleswoman waits with a long pair of scissors in her hand to cut off a slice here, a slice there. One dainty little covered stall has nothing but white Norman caps, laid in rows and hung in rows, one after another. White-capped old peasant-women stop in front of it, compare the frilling with their own, and try to make a bargain out of a sou. Not far off is an open and upturned umbrella full of white babies' caps and stomachers. A dazzling collection of tin spoons and gilt studs lies on the ground beside it, and the proprietors squat on their heels close by. After the clothes comes a little assemblage of baskets, brushes, and tin-pails and saucepans, dazzlingly white in the sun. Then come the poultry, crates and baskets of dead and living fowls and ducks and geese, with a few outside specimens; and then, as we reach the street, where the market flows all the way up and down, from the quay to the *Café des Tribunaux*, we have the fruit and flowers; the fruit all in pale yellows, with the vivid red of tomatoes; the flowers mainly white and red, with a row of small palms along the pavement. And as one follows the crowded alleys between the stalls one elbows against slow, staring country-people,

the blither natives of the town, the well-dressed visitors, and now and again a little lounging line of sailors or fishermen in their sea-stained drab or brown.

The second-hand section of the market is strewn all around the cathedral, mainly about its front, and along the Rue de l'Oranger. Looking down from my window facing the portal, the whole ground seems carpeted with old clothes, so old, so dirty, so discoloured, that one wonders equally how they could have got there, and how those who have brought them can possibly imagine that they will ever find purchasers. There are coats and trousers, petticoats and bodices, stockings, bed-covers, and even mattresses (once a whole four-poster was placed on the pavement, which it completely filled, just outside my door); everything that can be folded is folded neatly, with a great economy of space; and at intervals are collections of boots laid along side by side, eccentricities of rusty iron, which always look so amusing and so useless; old books, prints, frames, vases, tall hats, lamps, clocks under glass cases, crockery and concertinas. There is a collection of earthenware, which is new; some tea-pots, ribbons and tin pans are also new. Beyond, where the Rue Ste. Catherine narrows back to the arcade at the side of the church, the market-carts are laid in rows, resting on their shafts. Few people pass. I have never actually seen anything bought, though I would not take upon myself to say that it never happens.

VII

The most absolutely romantic spot in Dieppe, a spot more absolutely romantic to its square inch than anything I ever saw, is the little curiosity-shop in the Rue de la Barre. You look in through a long sort of covered alley, lined on both sides with old tables, and mirrors, and bookshelves, and huge wooden effigies of saints, and plaster casts, and scraps of modern carpentry, and you see at the farther end what looks like a garden of antiquities, in which all the oddities of the earth seem to be growing up out of trees and clinging on to vines, tier above tier. You go in a little way, and you see, first, an upper floor facing you, all the front covered with glass, in which are

laid out the most precious items, the inlaid tables, the Empire clocks, the Louis XV. chairs. You go in a little further still, and you find yourself in the garden of antiquities, which is even more fantastic and impossible than its first aspect had intimated. It fills the square of a little court, round which curls a very old house trailed over with vines and creepers ; a house all windows and doors, one of the doors opening on a spiral stone staircase like the staircase of a tower. At the further end there is a glass covering, like an unfinished conservatory; creepers stretch across underneath the glass, and, in a huge mound, piled quite up to the creepers so that they are covered with its dust, I know not what astonishing *bric-à-brac*, a mound which fills the whole centre of the court. There are chairs and tables, beds, bundles, chests, pictures in frames, all sorts of iron things, and, very conspicuously, two battered wooden representations of the flames of hell (as I imagine), the red paint much worn from their artichoke-like shoots. All around the walls, wherever there is room for a nail between a window and a vine-branch, something is hung, plaster bas-reliefs and masks, Louis XVI. mirrors, lanterns, Japanese prints, arm-chairs without seats ; frankly, an incredible rigmarole. I saw few desirable objects, but the charm of the whole place, its unaccountability, its absurd and delightful romanticism, made up in themselves a picture which hardly needed to be painted, it was so obviously a picture already.

VIII

One of the most characteristic corners of Dieppe lies in the unfashionable end of the town, the fisher quarter by the harbour, where the boats come in from Newhaven. Where the basin narrows to a close passage, just before you are past the pier, and in the open sea, there are two crucifixes, one on either side, guarding Dieppe. The boats lie all along the quay, their masts motionless above the water, and it is along the quay that the train from Paris comes crawling in its odd passage through the town ; a curious spectacle, as one sits at the *café* under the arcade. Arcades, reminding one of Padua, run along the townward side of the quay ; they are stocked with cheap restaurants, most with tiny balconies on the first floor, just under the

roof of the arcades, and all with spread tables in the passage-way itself; waiters and women stroll up and down continually, touting for customers. From one of the little balconies you can look across the fish-market, beyond the masts, across the water, to the green hill opposite, with its votive church on the summit. The picture is framed in the oval of one of the arches, and it looks curiously theatrical, and charmingly so, over the heads of the fisher-people and townsfolk who throng below. The crier passes, beating his drum: sometimes, about dinner-time, a company of strolling musicians, a harpist, his wife and daughter who play violins—the little one with an air of professional distinction—linger outside one of the *cafés*. Along the quay, which stretches out towards the pier, is a broken line of old, many-coloured houses; there are endless little restaurants, hotels, and *cafés*, meant mainly for the sailors, and two *cafés concerts* of the seaside sort, with a piano (the pianist in one of them has been an organist in Paris; drinks, of course, and reproaches destiny), the usual platform, and the usual enormous women, hoarse, strident, and *décolletées*, who collect your pennies in a shell after every song. There is a night *café*, too, on the quay, which you can enter at any hour; you tap on the glass door, a curtain is drawn back, and, if you are not an *agent*, you will have no difficulty in entering. An *agent*, when he makes his tour of inspection, has sometimes to wait a little, while a pack of drinkers is hurriedly bundled out at the back door. M. Jean's licence appears to be somewhat vague; the report that an *agent* is at the door causes a charming little thrill of excitement among his customers. Some of his customers, who are fishermen, I do not altogether like; their friendliness was a little boisterous; and, sometimes, when they lost their temper, M. Jean would knock them down, and roll them, quite roughly, out of the door. On the other side of the water, on the Pollet, as it is called, you find the real home of the fishermen, in those little battered houses, twisting around all sorts of odd corners, climbing up all sorts of odd heights, some of them with wooden beams along the front, all dirty with age, all open to the street, all with swarms of draggled, blue-eyed, gold-haired children playing around their doors. In a few corners one sees women making nets, once quite an industry, now

fallen into some disuse. The whole place is thick with dust, faded with years, shrivelled with poverty; it is a part of Dieppe which is among the most curious, among the most picturesque, but scarcely among the most charming.

IX

THE charm of Dieppe! No, I can never give the real sense of that charm to anyone who has never experienced it; for myself, it is not even easy to realise all the elements which have gone to make up the happiness of these two summer months here. It always rests me, in body and mind, to be near the sea; and then Dieppe is so placid and indulgent, lets you have your way with it, is full of relief for you, in old corners and cool streets, warm and cool at once, if you take but five steps from the Rue Aguado, modern and fashionable along the sea front, dazzling with sunlight, into any one of the little streets that branch off from it townwards. And if the sun beats on you again as you come out into the square about the Église Saint-Jacques you have but to go inside—better still, if you seek the finer interior of Saint-Remy—and, suddenly, you have the liquid coldness of stone arches that have never felt the sun. And then the sea, at night, from the jetty; the vast space of water, fading mistily into the unseen limits of the horizon, a boat, a sail, just distinguishable in its midst, the lights along the shore, the glow of the Casino, with all its windows golden, an infinite softness in the air. I have spent all night wandering about the beach, I have traced every change in sea and sky from twilight to sunrise, inconceivable delicacies of colour, rarities of tone. And what dreams have floated up in the smoke of my cigarette, mere smoke that will never reach the stars! What memories I have evoked, what inspiring conversations I have had, in the cool of the evening, on that jetty! And the country round Dieppe, rarely as I went into it, that, too, means something for me: Puys, where I went to see Alexandre Dumas, in the house in which his father died, the house where so many of his own plays have been written; Pourville, the road along the cliffs, Varengeville, with its deep, enchanting

country lanes, its little sunken ways through the woods, its strange, stiff little pine woods on the heights; the Manoir d'Ango, now degraded into a farm, but still with its memories of Francis I. and Diane de Poitiers, whose faces one sees, cheek by cheek, on a double medallion; the Manoir d'Ango, with its delicate approach through soft alleys of trees, and past a little shadowed pool; Arques, with its Italian landscape, so cunningly composed about the ruined castle on the hill. There is nothing in or near Dieppe which does not, in one way or another, appeal to me; nowhere that I do not feel at home. And the friends I have made, or found, or fancied, at Dieppe, men and women of such varying charm and interest! The most amiable soul in all the world resides, I think, in the Anglomaniac French painter in whose châlet I spent, so agreeably, so much of my time, in the studio where he paints the passing beauties as they fly. Was there not, too, the hospitable Norwegian painter, with the heart of a child in the body of a giant, who lives with his frank and friendly wife in the villa on the hill, where I spent so many good-tempered evenings? And the young English painter, who was my chief companion, a temperament of 1830, *né romantique*, in whose conversation I found the subtle superficialities of a profoundly sensitive individuality, it was an education in the fine shades to be with him. The other younger Englishman, an artist of so different a kind, came into our little society with a refreshing and troubling *bizarrerie;* all that feverish brilliance, the boyish defiance of things, the frail and intense vitality, how amusing and uncommon it was! And there were the two French poets, again so different from one another; elegant and enthusiastic youth, and the insistent reflectiveness of a mind which was above all reasoning. And then the charming women one met as they flitted to and fro between Dieppe and Paris and London and Monte Carlo; in especial, that flashing vision, to whom I here once more render my homage: the little French lady whose mother had been one of the Court beauties of the Second Empire; the adorable *profile de mouton*, with the hysterical piquancy of a mouth, perfect in repose, which would never rest, and which could be so exquisitely fluent with naughty words

and the malice of a truly feminine soul. Heartless, exquisite, posing little person, I found you more sympathetic than you thought; and if you see these lines, they are to tell you that I was really sorry when you went away so suddenly with your Russian *grande dame*, for whose talents I had so great an admiration. And there was Jane Hading, whom I went to see in the little, stifling dressing-room, scarcely more than a cupboard, of the tiny theatre, where she was playing Dumas' somewhat sentimental argument in drama, "La Princesse de Bagdad." Never had I seen the grave and yet Parisian beauty of the woman at so amusing an advantage, as there, in that absurd little dressing-room, where I had to squeeze myself into a corner, while the actress stood, hot and impatient, in front of the long glass, in which from time to time I caught the charm of a somewhat pre-occupied smile, as the dresser stitched and pinned the separate fragments of a bodice which was to be so magnificently torn off, with so considerable a view of such superb shoulders, in the fine, exciting scene of the second act. And there was the divine De Mérode, with her slim, natural, and yet artificial elegance, her little, straight face, so virginal and yet so aware, under the Madonna-like placidity of those smooth coils of hair, drawn over the ears and curved along the forehead; De Mérode, who, more than anyone else, sums up Dieppe for me. How many other beautiful faces there were, people one never knew, and yet, meeting them at every hour, at dinner, on the terrace of the Casino, at the tables, in the sea, one seemed to know them almost better than one's friends, and to be known by them just as well. Much of the charm of life exists for me in the unspoken interest which forms a sort of electric current between oneself and strangers. It is a real emotion to me, satisfying, in a sense, for the very reason that it leaves one unsatisfied. And of this kind of emotion, Dieppe, in the season, is bewilderingly abundant. Is it, after all, surprising that I should have come to Dieppe with the intention of staying from Saturday to Monday, and that I should have stayed for two months?

ARTHUR SYMONS.

ELLEN

SHE had now been a waitress at the little *café* off Cheapside for something over two years; her circumstances had not changed during that time; she herself had scarcely changed; her features had, perhaps, developed a little and become more defined, her manner less hesitating—and that was all. That was all, at least, that was noticeable. A great change, however, had occurred in her between then and now that was not noticeable; that silent, miraculous change, so imperceptible, so profound, which works in a woman between the ages of eighteen and twenty.

She had come during those two years to have an exaggerated, almost a morbid idea of her own want of good looks; she had observed that regular frequenters of the *café*—young city-clerks, journalists and the rest—avoided the series of marble-topped tables at which she served for those which were attended by other girls smarter and prettier; she rarely received the little attentions which the other girls among themselves proclaimed. It was the stray customer, the bird of passage, who kept her busy. But, as a matter of fact, it was not her want of good looks that kept the younger men aloof; it was something in her manner, an absence, perhaps, of that fictitious spirit of gaiety, of that alert responsiveness, which men find so arresting in women. Really, she was not at all bad-looking.

Still, this neglect ate into her heart a little. She regretted her want of adaptability, of the faculty of being able to assume all those charming (as they seemed to her) little airs and graces, partly natural, partly cultivated, which so became the other girls; she, it is true, rather despised these coquetries of her companions, but her own deficiencies of the sort made her feel at times particularly dull and stupid and angry with herself. One or two of the girls at the *café* had, during her time, married one or two of the

young men who came there, and would afterwards pay an occasional visit to the place, certainly in pretty frocks, and, to all appearance, radiant and happy. But these girls were fortunate. Others, again, had suddenly disappeared, and none knew whither; but as their disappearance happened to be simultaneous with a break in the regular attendance of certain customers, dark stories were whispered to which the non-appearance of the missing ones seemed to lend colour.

After a while, Ellen did not mind so much being neglected; the smart of the sting became less and less painful, till finally, she rather, if anything, preferred escaping the attentions which fell to the share of the other girls. This may have been partly owing to the view which she came to take of men; her position had provided her with opportunities for arriving at a generalisation, and she came to think of men as either silly or wicked—silly, when they were attracted by the trivial insincerities of the girls in the *café;* wicked, when they took advantage of their rarer simplicity. She did not conceive, now, that she would ever fall in love, that anyone would ever fall in love with her.

All the same, as the two years advanced, Ellen began to feel a curious isolation of the heart, an emptiness which she never attributed to the absence of a lover. Besides, she had an intuitive suspicion that she possessed qualities which would be fatal to her retaining the affections of a husband, that there would be little joy for her in the companionship which would place her in the position of a wife. Not that she thought anything very clearly about these things; the vague emotions and sensations which moved her, the detached things which floated in her mind had not yet found the relief which comes with realisation; her impulses were not remotely guided by self-consciousness. A sense of loneliness oppressed her, which was not diminished by the companionship of her fellow servants at the *café*, and she wanted companionship of some sort. It was dreadful for her at times to feel so much alone, to feel that there was nothing in the world, in this great London, which she really cared for; that there was no one, since the death of her father and mother, who really cared for her.

She had this sense of loneliness even in the busiest time of the day, when an enormous wave of traffic swept by outside the *café*, and, inside, all was stir and movement. Even amid all this stir and din, when she was occupied in flitting from one table to another, in taking orders and attending to them, even at such moments her thoughts would be playing to another tune, her soul would be filled with unrest and impatience. Life, indeed, became a great struggle for her. Sometimes she said to herself that she would run away—from she knew not what, where she knew not to; and sometimes she wished very sincerely that she were dead.

. . . . She had seen many strange faces during those two years; at last it began to dawn upon her that one of these faces which had been strange was becoming familiar: a face with a fair, pointed beard and blue eyes. Beyond, however, merely ordering what he wanted, he had not spoken to her; it was improbable that he had noticed her; but his regular attendance at the tables at which she served began to attract the attention of the other girls, who derived some entertainment from hinting to Ellen that she was carrying on a flirtation, a suggestion which happened to be sufficiently inappropriate to appeal to their sense of humour. It was in keeping with Ellen's temperament that no romantic ideas entered her head at this point, where, possibly, the least susceptible of her companions would—as women will—have woven a complete fabric of foolish sentiment. Still, as he continued to come regularly, she began involuntarily to feel a certain liking for him; the fact of his never attempting to enter into any sort of conversation with her had its not unpleasant side for her. So, by-and-by, they both seemed to begin to know each other in this silent way. And yet there came moments when Ellen felt somehow that she would like to talk to him, like to tell him all about herself, and what she felt. His presence accentuated a dimly-realised need for self-expression, of pouring into some ear the flood of vague sentiments which possessed her. She could not talk to the other girls; they would not understand, or they would laugh at her; but she could, she felt, talk to this fair-bearded man with the blue eyes. But not at the *café;* she would rather remain silent for ever than do that. Then, how?

This idea of speaking to him, of sharing with him her whole confidence, seized upon her, and developed with an intensity which caused her ceaseless perturbation and pain.

After a little time, indeed, they drifted, naturally enough, into a conventional intercourse, almost monosyllabic, uninteresting, which seemed to her hopelessly trivial—but how to advance beyond it! Once or twice she thought she observed a look of interrogation in the blue eyes, a look which invited her confidence, and, at the same time, occasioned her a poignant feeling of self-consciousness—there, at the *café*, while meeting the significant glances, the partly ironical, partly suggestive, glances of her companions. No! she could not speak to him there; she had nothing to say to him there. Yet it was hard to resist the appeal of his eyes.

"You are looking pale. Do you go out much?" he said to her one day.

"No; only home and back."

"Ah! you should."

"We don't close till seven," she said. Then, their eyes meeting, she continued irresistibly: "Will you meet me to-night?"

It was not till an hour or so later that she realised that she was to meet him that evening at the principal entrance to St. Paul's; that she realised that she herself had made the appointment. She had leapt the barrier, and was shocked at the extent of her daring, a little humiliated even; yet, above everything, singularly elated and careless. She had never breathed so freely.

But when they met, the need for self-expression was no longer apparent; she only felt stupid and shy. He suggested that they should go to a theatre or to an exhibition at Earl's Court, but she would not go to either place. Then they walked along the Embankment, between Blackfriars' Bridge and Charing Cross. He talked a good deal, but she hardly caught or understood what he said, and was quietly irresponsive. There was in his manner an air of familiarity which slightly repelled her; she began to wish that she had not, after all, asked him to meet her; to think of abruptly leaving him. Once he put his arm through hers, and was surprised at the startled expression

which sprang to her face as she quickly drew apart from him. After this his manner changed, and she felt more at ease. The incident had defined her attitude.

Reaching the gardens on the Embankment, near Charing Cross, they entered a gate and sat on one of the seats. There were some children playing about on the path whose antics amused her, and led her to talk about her own childhood, to tell him of those dear, half-forgotten things which everyone remembers so well, of that dim world of curious fancies which all of us at one time inhabited. He was sympathetic, and they talked on so in the fading light until it was time for the gates of the garden to be closed. As they passed through them, their intimacy had become as natural and easy as she could have dared to hope.

They crossed the Strand and penetrated the maze of streets which lead in the direction of King's Cross, where she had her lodging. And now all the things that had lain in her mind, all the incoherent emotions that had possessed her, became coherent and simple, derived shape and form in the attempt to express them. She told him all about her present life, about the other girls in the *café* and their sentimental episodes. She told him of the feeling of loneliness, of abstraction, of the vague itching at her heart which never ceased.

At last they reached a house in one of the outlying streets of Regent Square.

"I don't know why I asked you to meet me to-night," she said, stopping at the door of this house; "I don't know what is the matter with me. But I wanted to speak to someone. And I couldn't speak to the other girls; they would only have made fun of me, I think. I feel happier now that I have had a nice long talk with someone—still—there is something—something——" She paused a moment, and then proceeded, rather abruptly: "I don't want to be married, the same as most girls do; I don't like men, as a rule—at least, not in that way . . . besides, I think I should always be happier remaining as I am at present, working for myself, independent."

She gave a little shriek of delight at a thought which suddenly occurred to her, a flash of mental illumination, which enabled her to divine the source of all her perplexities, which instantly enabled her to solve the problem of her happiness; a thought which filled her poor, empty heart. "I think," she said, softly, "if I had a baby, my very own, I should want nothing—nothing in this world more than that!" Her lips quivered and tears came into her eyes, exquisitely tender tears.

She then turned to the door and opened it with a latch-key.

"Are you living alone?" he asked.

"Yes, quite alone," she said, retreating into the passage without turning.

He followed her a couple of paces, and then stood with one foot on the doorstep. He looked into the passage, but could not make out whether she were standing there in the dark or not. He wondered if she were standing there. Then taking the handle of the door he drew it gently to, and went down the street.

RUDOLF DIRCKS.

SEA-MUSIC

THE voices of the whispering woods are still;
No truant brook runs chattering to the stream;
Like heaven's own likeness, mirrored in a dream,
The sea coils round each jutting rock and hill.
Nay, hark! what faint aërial harpings thrill
The lonely bay; what choral voices seem
To float around and melt like rolling steam
On air as quiet as a windless mill.

No holy chant in hushed cathedral naves
Had ever such unearthly harmony,
As these mysterious chords ineffable
That peal from organ-pipes of fluted caves,
Reverberate in hollow mountain shell,
The music of the everlasting sea.

MATHILDE BLIND.

[This sonnet is founded on a singular experience I had at Wooda Bay in North Devon. While leaning over the cliff I was startled by hearing sounds as of harps and violins blending with muffled organ notes, and human voices soaring above the music. The effect was magical, and must have been due to an echo produced by the wave-hollowed rocks.]

A GOLDEN DECADE IN ENGLISH ART

THE most perfect English art in black and white was done between the years 1860 and 1870. What an absurdity! of course; for Blake was absurd, Alfred Stevens ridiculous, Keene ignored, Whistler a joke. And yet, when the amateur tires of his postage-stamp and the young lady with no books wearies of her book-plate, when all the sham Bartolozzis have been shipped to America and the Japanese print outweighs the bank-note, then the English illustration of 1860 may possibly be invented, and Art may be once again upon the town. I use the date 1860, but I ask for as much latitude as one is granted in speaking of the Romanticists and 1830, with whom the men of 1860 are worthy to be ranked.

No matter how little we like to acknowledge it, many of our luxuries and necessities come from Germany; and it is to Germany that one turns for the inspiration of modern illustration, and to Adolph Menzel as its prophet. When, in the late thirties, Menzel was working on his various versions of "Frederick the Great," seeing the results obtained in Curmer's "Paul et Virginie," he confided some of the designs he had drawn upon the wood-block to an Anglo-French firm of wood engravers, Andrew Best Leloir; but he was not satisfied with the results, which may be seen in the earlier part of Kugler's "Frederick the Great"; so he trained his own engravers—Kreutzchmar, Bentworth, Unzelmann, the Vogels—and between them they produced those triumphs of German art which gave the direct inspiration to modern English illustration. They are: "The Life of Frederick," 1840; "The Uniforms of the Army of Frederick," 1852, a supplement; "The Works of Frederick," 1850; "The Heroes of War and Peace," 1856. These books, I have been informed — and I have been told the facts by the artists and engravers and publishers themselves — did have their effect in the following ten years, if they did not produce a sensation in England

immediately on their appearance in Germany, or even on their re-publication here, for "The Life of Frederick the Great," Kugler's "Geschichte Friedrichs des Grossen," 1840, was issued here by Bohn in 1845 as "A Pictorial History of Germany," though the others have never appeared in English dress. The first book which shows this influence is William Allingham's "The Music Master," 1855; and I maintain that Rossetti in his drawings—that is, in his method of drawing for engraving as shown in this book—must have been inspired by Menzel, for no book like it had been illustrated in England, nor had similar illustrations been made previously in this country. Rossetti, Millais and Arthur Hughes did the drawings. Rossetti furnished the frontispiece: "A youth listening in rapt mood to the chaunt of three mystic women—the maids of Elfin Mere." Burne-Jones then thought it the most beautiful drawing, for an illustration, that he had ever seen. Yet Mr. W. M. Rossetti says his brother was highly dissatisfied, and regarded the woodcut (of course it was a wood engraving) by Messrs. Dalziel as a decided travesty of his work. What would he have thought had it been done a little earlier?

Next year, 1856, Samuel Palmer—who had been following the tradition of Blake and that lovely decorator, Calvert—illustrated one chapter: "The Distant Hills," for Adams's "Sacred Allegories," with nine drawings. Three or four of these must rank with Turner. Palmer has given the effect of the setting sun over great landscape as no one ever did before, as no one has attempted since.

The year 1857 is a memorable one—the year of Moxon's "Tennyson"; the herald of Millais' genius as an illustrator. The book contains the famous Rossetti drawings and Holman Hunt's best design, "The Lady of Shallot"; but the rest of the illustrations are weak, poor, commonplace. The engravings, of which one hears little that is good, are by Dalziel and Linton. It is most interesting to compare the engraving of "Sir Galahad" —from the Rossetti drawing done by Linton, which is quite characterless so far as the work of Rossetti goes (or, rather, Lintonesque, save in the small heads, which are very good)—with the first drawing in the "Palace of

Art," by Dalziel, also after Rossetti, which is brilliant and individual by comparison. Yet Rossetti himself, so his brother says, preferred the Linton to the Dalziel.

Mr. Ruskin backs Rossetti, too, in his denunciation of the engravers; but this is not of much importance, as in a few years, just after the very best work had been done, he attacked artists and engravers both, saying: "Cheap popular art cannot draw for you beauty, sense, honesty; but every species of distorted vice—the idiot, the blackguard, the coxcomb, the paltry fool, the degraded woman—are pictured for your honourable pleasure on every page. These are favourably representative of the entire art industry of the modern Press." This is a criticism of these men and these books.

In the same year, a book, the illustrated edition of which is quite unheard of—Willmot's "Sacred Poetry"—was published. In this was maintained an all-round standard of greater merit in design and engraving even than in the "Tennyson," for among the contributors were Madox Brown, Tenniel, Harvey, Foster, Arthur Hughes, Harding, Millais and Gilbert, engraved by Dalziel; there were fewer Academicians, and the men knew better how to draw on wood.

In 1858, John Gilbert, even then the Nestor of English illustration, obtained his chance, and the magnificent "Shakespeare," also engraved by Dalziel, was commenced, and continued during the two following years. This is Gilbert's masterpiece, and still remains the finest complete illustrated edition of Shakespeare. It came out in parts, and is probably the first example, among these books, of the present popular fashion of issuing books in parts.

If 1857 was notable, 1859 is destined to become historic, for it marks the starting of *Once a Week*, soon to become synonymous with good illustration. The first volume is more an array of names than a distinguished accomplishment. Millais did eight drawings for it, not one of which can be compared with his designs for the "Tennyson"; though he was beginning that series of studies of the costume and furniture of the period, the crinoline, the chignon and the what-not, that we now find so amusing. Harvey did one drawing, and there are a number by Phiz, Leech, Tenniel, and many

crude things signed "Keene" which are commonplace. They were all engraved by Swain, or, as Keene himself put it, they fell before the graver of Swain. After this, Keene appears continuously, always more and more interesting; but, save for his "Caudle Lectures," 1865, he is scarcely a book illustrator. Yet his fame is secure, his position as an illustrator is acknowledged.

I have said already that it is to these books and magazines that we must turn for all that is left of the English illustration of the sixties; for this reason, the final finished drawings were made on the wood-block, and, consequently, engraved all to pieces; and, save those wood-blocks, most of which have vanished, and, possibly, some engravers' proofs and the prints in the magazines and books themselves, there is absolutely nothing else left. Therefore the world, which always wants what it cannot have, may some day understand how important are these early volumes.

To the first number of the *Cornhill*, 1860, Thackeray, more or less worked over by ghosts and engravers, contributed the illustrations for "Lovel the Widower." But, in the second or third number, Millais was called in, and then G. A. Sala, to complete the work. Frederick Sandys illustrated the "Legend of the Portent"; this is, so far as I know, his first appearance as a book illustrator; the lithographed burlesque of "Sir Isumbras" is earlier. And the volume ends with Millais' splendid "Was it not a Lie?" an illustration to "Framley Parsonage." From that time forward Millais gives character and distinction to its pages. The grace of the crinoline, the beauty of the frock-coat and the top hat, the daintiness of the pantalette, are shown in every number, while the pre-æsthetic houses are full of interest. It is curious to note that either Thackeray or the publisher refused to mention the names of the artists in any way. Millais and Sala alone signed their designs with their monograms. Sir Frederick Leighton, I imagine, contributed the "Great God Pan" (signed "L.") in the second volume; while his drawings for "Romola" were also among the special attractions in 1863. Richard Doyle began his "Birdseye Views of Society" in the third; but it was not until more than half-way through this volume that the initials "F. W." appeared on what were supposed to be Thackeray's drawings—or, rather, it was

not until then that the great author acknowledged his failure as an illustrator. But in one of his "Roundabout Papers," eventually, he admitted his indebtedness to Walker with the best grace in the world. The first drawing in the *Cornhill* signed by Walker — a fact interesting enough to be recorded—faces page 556, in the volume for 1861: it is the "Nurse and Doctor," an illustration to Thackeray's "Philip."

Good Words also was started in 1860, and attracted certain young Scotsmen — Orchardson, Pettie, Graham, MacWhirter. Even *Punch* was brilliant then, and its excellence was due to Du Maurier and Keene; a Du Maurier, however, that one would not recognise to-day.

I do not know of any notable books in 1861, though G. H. Bennett's *magnum opus*, Quarles' "Emblems," appeared in that year, and, I believe, was popular. But in 1862, Miss Rossetti's "Poems," illustrated by her brother with two drawings, came out; Rossetti also designed the cover. The illustrations can hardly be called satisfactory as illustrations, for the two Lizzies are quite different—the first, a country girl; the second, a stately Rossetti woman. The second edition contains two more drawings, which were added in 1866. William Morris engraved the frontispiece to this book, signed "M MF & Co."

The illustrations for these magazines and books were done in a curious but very interesting way; the entire work was undertaken by two firms, Messrs. Dalziel and Swain. They commissioned the drawings from the artists, and then engraved them; the method seems to have been so successful, that the engravers, notably the Dalziels, not only employed artists to make drawings and then engraved the blocks themselves, but became their own printers as well. It was in this manner that they produced the books which are bound to become the admiration and despair of the intelligent and artistic collector. When the books were printed they were sold to a publisher, who merely put his imprint on them; but to this day they are known as "Dalziel's Illustrated Editions," that is, when they are known at all. The first important book of the series which I have seen is Birket Foster's "Pictures of English Landscape," 1863 (Routledge), printed by Dalziel, with "Pictures in Words," by Tom Taylor. The binding is atrocious; the paper is spotting

and losing colour; but the drawings must have been exquisite, and here and there the ink is spreading and giving a lovely tone, like that of an etching, to the prints on the pages. This autumn it was revived, by Nimmo, with literary selections by Mr. John Davidson; of course there is no mention of the fact that the engravings were made thirty-two years ago. In the same year, F. Shields did a shilling edition of Defoe's "Plague," containing six drawings, engraved by Swain and Moreton; this must be one of the earliest of illustrated shilling publications; it contains Mr. Shield's best designs. The dead-pit, into which, by the flaring light of torches, the bodies are being shot from a cart, is like Rembrandt in its power.

In 1864, Messrs. Dalziel, who had already in the previous year engraved the designs for *Good Words*, published in a volume Millais' "Parables of Our Lord," through Routledge. This book, issued in an atrocious binding described as elaborate (and it truly is), bound up so badly that it has broken all to pieces, and printed with a text in red and black, contains much of the strongest work Millais ever did. Nothing could excel in dramatic power, or in effect of light, "The Enemy Sowing Tares," and the "Lost Piece of Silver," or in beauty of line or realistic treatment of the foreground, "The Sower,"—to mention but three blocks where so many are so good. The whole book is excellent, and is now excessively rare in its first edition. In this year also, W. J. Linton illustrated Mrs. Lynn Linton's "Lake Country" (Smith, Elder & Co.), drawing and engraving the pictures; it is a curious book, and exemplifies, I suppose, Mr. Linton's methods; of which I may say, I had rather he engraved his own designs than mine.

But 1865 is the most notable year of all. To it belongs Dalziel's illustrated "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," originally published in parts, and, later, in two volumes, with text and pictures enclosed in horrid borders (Ward & Lock). In this book, A. Boyd Houghton first showed what a really great man he was. He clearly proved himself a master in technique as well as in imagination, and, although he had as fellow illustrators Sir J. E. Millais, J. D. Watson, Sir John Tenniel, G. J. Pinwell and Thomas Dalziel, Houghton towers above them all. Mr. Lawrence

Housman, in an able article on him in *Bibliographica*, well says: "Among artists and those who care at all deeply for the great things of Art, he cannot be forgotten; for them, his work is too much an influence and a problem; and though, officially, the Academy shuts its mouth at him . . . . certain of its leading lights have been heard unofficially to declare 'that he was the greatest artist who has appeared in England in black and white.' Technically, his work, always in line, with a brush or pencil, is most simple and powerful; the values of white asserted by the yard. Broad white upon black, black upon broad white; yet there is searching draughtsmanship, marvels of subtle modelling, and always the strange realism that gives rags their squalor, limbs the hairiness of life."

In 1865, also, Houghton's "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes" was published by Routledge. It is much less imaginative than his later work, but contains, perhaps, more that is beautiful, studies of child-life, charmingly seen, beautifully drawn. After this, he worked prodigiously, and yet excellently. His edition of "Don Quixote" (Warne), as a whole rather over rated, yet fine in parts, must be sought for now in the most out-of-the-way places. Very Spanish in character is the frontispiece; and his rendering of local colour in his books is all the more remarkable since I have heard he never was in Spain or the East. Easier to find are his "Kriloff's Fables," slight sketches published by Strahan in 1869. Best known of all are his drawings in the early numbers of the *Graphic*—the American series—which were not all published, I think, before he died. If some of them are grotesque, almost even to caricature, they are amazingly powerful; and, being the largest engraved works left, show him, fortunately, at his best. His original drawings scarcely exist at all; they were nearly all done on the wood; and though, at times, he made several versions of each, he seems to have destroyed all except the one that pleased him, and this disappeared in the engraving.

Another event was the publication of Ward & Lock's edition of Goldsmith, in which G. J. Pinwell revealed his marvellous powers; but Pinwell's most important work is for a late date.

In 1865, there must have been almost as many good illustrated magazines published in England alone as there are to-day in the whole world. Besides *Good Words*, the *Cornhill*, and *Once a Week*, there were *London Society*, the *Shilling Magazine*, the *Argosy*, and the *Quiver*. The uniform edition of Dickens was also being issued; illustrated by C. Green, Luke Fildes, Marcus Stone, J. Mahoney and F. Barnard.

F. Sandys is, in imaginative power, the greatest of all these artists; in technique he is the legitimate successor of Durer, in popularity he is a hopeless failure. He has never illustrated a book; so far as I know, he made but few drawings specially for books; these few are contained in Willmot's "Sacred Poetry," 1863, "Life's Journey," the "Little Mourner," and Dalziel's "Bible Gallery."

SWAIN

In 1861, a number of his drawings were printed in *Once a Week*—"Yet once more let the Organ play," "Three Statues of Ægina," and others. In every one is seen the hand of the man able to carry on the tradition of Durer, and yet bring it into line with modern methods. So far as I am

aware, Ruskin never mentions him; how far this was owing to the famous Sir Isumbras caricature, "The Nightmare," I do not know. All the spirit of early German art breathes through his drawings. But it is during the next year, 1862, that Sandys, becoming accustomed to the wood-block, did

some of his most powerful work — "The Old Chartist," "Harold," and "King Warwulf," in *Once a Week*. In "The Old Chartist" there is the real Durer feeling in the distant landscape, but the trees are better than Durer's trees, and the figure is one that Sandys has seen for himself. But in all his work there is this evidence of things seen and studied. 1862 was his most productive year; in 1863 there are but four drawings; none in 1864; in 1865, a magnificent "Amor Mundi," for Miss Rossetti's poem, printed in the April number of the *Shilling Magazine*. After that there are only one or two, and then he disappears. There are many drawings by him on paper, but it is safe to say no man who did so few drawings on wood ever made such a reputation. True, Whistler only did four in *Once a Week* (1861-2), among them the charming design printed in this article, but he was known as an etcher and painter at the time. Whistler also contributed to a "Catalogue of Blue and White," published by Ellis & Elvey, in 1878, illustrated by autotypes, which will one day rank with Jacquemart's books; but this was only issued in a very limited edition.

After 1865, we find that the books contain better illustrations than the magazines, attracting the better men by the greater care with which they were printed and the larger size of the pages. However, Du Maurier, Keene, Lawless, Millais and Small still contributed regularly to the magazines.

Expensive gift-books by Houghton, Pinwell, North and Walker were then commenced, perfectly new drawings being used for their illustration. In 1866, "A Round of Days" was issued by Routledge; Walker, North, Pinwell, and E. Dalziel come off best in this gorgeous morocco-covered volume, especially Dalziel, who contributes a striking nocturne; the beauty of night, discovered by Whistler, being duly appreciated by these illustrators. Houghton's edition of "Don Quixote" is another of the books of 1866.

In 1867, "Wayside Posies" and Jean Ingelow's "Poems" were published by Routledge and Longmans respectively. These two books reach the high-water mark of English illustration; in them, North and Pinwell surpass themselves—the one in landscape, the other in figure—and Edward Dalziel is quite amazing in studies of mist and rain, which I imagine were, at the

time, absolutely unnoticed by the critics. The drawings of the school, however, must have been popular, for Smith, Elder & Co. reprinted the Walkers from the *Cornhill* in a "Gallery," in 1864; Strahan, in 1866, collected the Millais drawings in a portfolio; and in 1867, "Touches of Nature," also from the magazines, printed, it is said, from the original blocks. Possibly this was meant as an atonement for the shabby way in which the artists had been treated in the magazines.

In 1868, "The North Coast," by Buchanan, was issued by Routledge; much good work by Houghton is hidden away in its pages. The next year the *Graphic* was started, and these books virtually ceased to appear. There were some spasmodic efforts to produce new ones, most notable of which were Whymper's magnificent "Scrambles amongst the Alps," containing J. Mahoney's best drawings and Whymper's best engravings, Tenniel's editions of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass," Miss Rossetti's "Sing-Song," illustrated by Arthur Hughes, 1872, and "Historical and Legendary Ballads" (Chatto & Windus), 1876, made up from the early numbers of the magazines, and specially interesting because of the rare drawings by Whistler and Sandys which are included. It is almost the only book in which one can find the work of these two men, although their drawings were not done originally for it, as the editor would like one to believe.

The *Graphic* printed a Portfolio in 1877, made up from early numbers. In 1878, "Nature Pictures," drawn by J. H. Dell and engraved by Patterson, was issued; as an example of what facsimile wood-engraving is capable of, it is amazing, the most elaborate penwork being wonderfully facsimiled in wood.

Dalziels produced at least two books later on, magnificent India proofs of "English Rustic Pictures," printed from the original blocks by Pinwell and Walker, done for the books I have mentioned (this volume is undated); and the "Bible Gallery" (1881), the drawings for which had been made long before and kept back till they could be photographed on wood. Many of these drawings, which a few years ago they vainly tried to sell, are now among the treasures of South Kensington. All the best-known artists contributed

to the "Bible Gallery," yet the result was not altogether a success. The most conspicuously good drawings are by Ford Madox Brown, Leighton, Burne-Jones, Sandys, Poynter, Houghton and Dalziel. It is the last great English book illustrated by a band of artists and engravers working together. Whether the results are satisfactory or not, the fact remains that the engravers were most enthusiastic, and encouraged the artists as no one has done since in the making of books; and the artists were the most distinguished draughtsmen who have ever appeared in England. In the early numbers of the *Graphic* there are also many marvellous designs by these men, and by Green, Fildes, Linton, Macbeth and Herkomer. In fact, in not a few cases the most distinguished work of the present R.A.'s is to be found, in black and white, in the *Graphic*.

I am perfectly aware that this is by no means a complete list of the books of what I have called the 1860 period. It is but an attempt to point out the great value and importance of the illustrations contained in these books, many of which, so far as their pictures go, are as important as those of the fifteenth century. Yet no record of them has been made; they are almost unknown, save to artists. Among artists, however, there is a rapidly-growing admiration for English art of this period, and in ten years' time these books will be rightly considered the treasure-houses of the golden decade of English art.

JOSEPH PENNELL.

Max
Mr Beerbohm Tree

A GLASS OF WHISKEY

"I mind the man that gave me my first glass of whiskey," said Johnny Mullen, the tailor. "I hadn't a red nose then, or eleven half-starved children. I was a cub down at Omagh, doing my first tailoring; and it was my own uncle, God forgive him! I wish I was a cub again. I'd never get married. I'm not a man to have a houseful of children. I'm too much of a scoundrel."

"Hold up off the counter, Johnny, dear," said Mrs. Mulvany, "if you don't want to break every tumbler I have in the house."

"Come over here, Johnny, and sit down on the form between me and Williamson," said pensioner Higgins against the wall, "and tell us about the night you and Peter Hogan drank the half-gallon."

"I'm a bad villain of a man," said Johnny, sitting down. "I might have come to something, and I turned out bad. There was a good man lost in me, and I turned out bad."

"Ah, no, you did not, Johnny," said Mrs. Williamson's husband. "You're a brave enough man as it is."

"I tell you I'm not, Williamson, and I ought to know better than you. I tell you I'm not."

"I tell you you are, Johnny. There's worse people than you."

"Williamson, Williamson, you know nothing about it. Damn all you know about it. I turned out a bad man."

"That'll do now, Johnny, that'll do. I was always your friend, and there wasn't often high words between us, and you can afford to talk me down. But it is not everyone would do it. It is not everyone would venture. All right now, Johnny, all right."

"Ay, but it's me has been the bad scoundrel of a man entirely. This uncle of mine wasn't a drop's blood to me. He was my uncle by marriage, and he didn't know anything better. 'Here, Johnny, my son,' says he,

'you're a smart, cliver cub, and the makings of a good tailor. Drink it up,' says he, 'for it'll make a man of you.' Ay, boys dear, and so it did. It did make the quare man of me, the quare bad baste of a man."

Williamson was holding his tongue, but he was listening, and this provocation was nearly too much for him.

"I seen the time, Johnny," he said, "people wouldn't crow me down. I seen the time"—and he went on with his eyes shut, and as if talking to himself—"Ay, that was the fist could break noses"; and he held it up. "That was once upon a time. There was the fist could break noses. Even yet, maybe, Johnny, even yet. Ay, there's the fist could break noses. There's the fist could break noses."

"It made the quare man of me," says Johnny; "the quare bad baste of a man."

"Whist, Johnny, whist!" put in Higgins, who was always for peace. "Don't go on like that, man. Don't provocate him, for you're not his match, anyway."

"I never seen the day I was afeard of a boy like Williamson," said Johnny.

"Was I ever threacherous to you yet, Johnny?" said Williamson. "No, Johnny, never. Never, Johnny, never. But I never was afeard of you, either, and I amn't now. But was I ever threacherous to you yet?"

"Oh! look at this for rascality!" said Mrs. Mulvany. "They'll murder one another yet, the villains, that could not have the decency to go and fight outside. They'll ruin my house. Archy Higgins, put up them tumblers at once, unless you want every vessel in my house to be broken into bits and the place disgraced for ever with such blackguardly conduct, for you're worse than them. It's a shame for you, a man of your time of life."

"Oh! Mrs. Mulvany, dear, sure it's not my fault. Sure I'm doing nothing but trying to sinder them, and they won't let go one another's necks."

"Come here, child, and run for the police," said Mrs. Mulvany, "to get this drunken crew out of my house. However they managed to crowd in, all three of them, at once. It's bad enough, goodness knows, to have

one or two of them in the same house at the same time, but three rascals of the drunkenest feather in all the country, to think they'd come in and walk on a body like this. A party, besides, that has hardly ever a penny in their own pocket, and is always wanting to have credit or to drink on other people. Poor Mrs. Williamson! indeed I pity her, but I don't blame her. A nice thing, indeed, if she had to give away her substance; though the man is not the undecentest of them if he had it, and is quiet enough if he wasn't provoked."

Higgins had got them to let each other go.

"Did ever I act threacherous to you, Johnny?"

"No matter now, Williamson; no matter," says Johnny.

"Och! Johnny, dear, whist, will you," says Higgins, "and go no further with it. Sure, Williamson's able-bodied, and you're only a light man, anyway, and always was."

Johnny reached for Williamson again.

"You ought to have been a Catholic, Williamson," he said; "you ought to have been a Catholic. The grandfather before you was a papish, and a good one too, and a decent man."

"I was born and reared a Protestant, Johnny, and a decent one. Your uncle, Johnny Mullen, was in jail."

"He was in jail decently, Williamson. If my uncle was in jail he was in it decently. He was in it for poteen-making."

"They're clawing one another again!" cried Mrs. Mulvany. "Lord have mercy on us! or what is the world coming to. I'll go away and shut the door and leave you to yourselves, you good-for-nothing pack. Higgins, you'll pay for this blackguard work some day or other. Couldn't you go and call some of the Mullen's ones to come and take home their father? Mrs. Williamson, but I pity you! for you have a bad pill to deal with—though he's a quiet enough man in drink if he was let alone."

"I never was threacherous with you, Johnny, yet; and I never yet saw them I'd listen to saying a bad word against you," said Williamson.

"Williamson, it was me that stood up for you at the election times, the evening that they wanted your blood for breaking in and spoiling the meeting. And they'd have had it, too, only your woman came and fetched you away. But I stood up for you, Williamson, and I'd stand up for you the morrow."

"Now they're going to hug one another," said Mrs. Mulvany; "and they'll be crying in a minute, and it'll go on like this all evening. And there's nothing on earth I hate so much to see in two men. I'd far easier stand them fighting and killing one another. Archy Higgins, if you don't take them pair away out of that, you'll never enter my door again. Here, Johnny Mullen, your Jennie is on the street looking for you. Go on out home with her like a good man. You and Williamson may stay there, Higgins, as long as you like, for you're peaceable enough if let alone, and poor Mrs. Williamson has other things to think of than keeping a good-for-nothing man out of her way. But that Johnny Mullen!—I don't like the sight of him. He'd sit in your house from morning to night to provoke you looking at him, and him never has a halfpenny to spend after Monday morning is over."

"Ay, I wish I was a cub again," Johnny said, going home, "I'd never get married, anyway." The little daughter Jennie was accustomed to the fool talk of him. "I wish I was a cub again, I'd never have got—ay, maybe I would; ay, likely I would; but things wouldn't, maybe, be like this."

HUMPHREY JAMES.

IMPENITENTIA ULTIMA

BEFORE my light goes out for ever, if God should give me a choice of graces,
I would not reck of length of days, nor crave for things to be;
But cry: "One day of the great lost days, one face of all the faces,
Grant me to see and touch once more, and nothing more to see."

For, Lord, I was free of all Thy flowers, and I chose the world's sad roses,
And that is why I must eat my bread in bitterness and sweat;
But at Thy terrible Judgment Seat, when this my tired life closes,
I am ready to reap whereof I sowed, and pay my righteous debt.

But once before the sand is run and the silver thread is broken,
Give me a grace and cast aside the veil of dolorous years;
Grant me one hour of all mine hours, and let me see for a token
Her pure and pitiful eyes shine out, and bathe her feet with tears.

Her pitiful hands should calm, and her hair stream down and blind me
Out of the sight of night and out of the reach of fear,
And her eyes should be my light, while the sun went out behind me;
And the viols in her voice be the last sound in mine ear.

Before the ruining waters fall, and my soul be carried under,
And Thine anger cleave me through, as a child cuts down a flower,
I will praise Thee, Lord! in Hell, while my limbs are racked asunder,
For the last sad sight of her face and the little grace of an hour.

ERNEST DOWSON.

"Thaulow: The Norwegian Painter and his Family"

By

Jacques L. Blanche.

THE BINDING OF THE HAIR

THE men-at-arms of the young queen Dectira, and of the old and foolish king Lua, had lighted a line of fires from Bulben to the sea and set watchmen by every fire; and built a long house with skin-covered wattles for the assembly, and smaller houses to sleep in, and dug round them a deep ditch, close to the place where the Lis of the Blindman was built in later times; and now they sat in the long house waiting the attack of the clans coming down from the plain of Ith, and listened to the bard Aodh, who recited a battle-tale of the wars of Heber and Heremon. The tale was written upon thin slips of wood, which the bard held before him like a fan, grasping them above the brazen pivot, and only laid down when he would take up the five-stringed cruit from the ground at his feet and chaunt hastily, and with vehement gesture, one of the many lyrics woven into the more massive measure of the tale. Though the bard was famous, the old and foolish king did not listen, but leaned his head upon the central pillar and snored fitfully in a wine-heavy sleep; but the young queen sat among her women, straight and still like a white candle, and listened as though there was no tale in the world but this one, for the enchantment of his dreamy voice was in her ears; the enchantment of his changing history in her memory: how he would live now in the Raths of kings, now alone in the great forest; how rumour held him of the race of the bard for whom the tribes of Heber and Heremon cast lots at the making of the world; how, despite the grey hairs mingling before their time with the dark of his beard, he was blown hither and thither by love and anger; how, according to his mood, he would fly now from one man and with blanched face, and now prove himself of a preternatural bravery alone against many; and, above all, how he had sat continually by her great chair telling of forays and battles to hearten her war-beaten men-at-arms, or chaunting histories and songs laden with gentler destinies for her ears alone, or, more often still, listening in silence to the rustling of her dress.

He sang now of anger and not of love, for it was needful to fill the hearts of her men-at-arms with thirst of battle that her days might have peace; yet over all the tale hovered a mournful beauty not of battle, and from time to time he would compare the gleam of a sword to the brightness of her eyes; or the dawn breaking on a morning of victory to the glimmering of her breast. As the tale, and its lyrics, which were like the foam upon a wave, flowed on, it wrapped the men-at-arms as in a tide of fire, and its vehement passages made them clash their swords upon their shields and shout an ever-more clamorous approval. At last it died out in a chaunt of triumph over battle-cars full of saffron robes and ornaments of gold and silver, and over long lines of youths and maidens with brazen chains about their ankles; and the men shouted and clashed their swords upon their shields for a long time. The queen sat motionless for a while, and then leaned back in her chair so that its carved back made one dark tress fall over her cheek. Sighing a long, inexplicable sigh, she bound the tress about her head and fastened it with a golden pin. Aodh gazed at her, the fierce light fading in his eyes, and began to murmur something over to himself, and presently taking the five-stringed cruit from the ground, half knelt before her, and softly touched the strings. The shouters fell silent, for they saw that he would praise the queen, as his way was when the tales were at an end; and in the silence he struck three notes, as soft and sad as though they were the cooing of doves over the Gates of Death.

Before he could begin his song, the door which led from the long room into the open air burst open and a man rushed in, his face red with running, and cried out:

"The races with ignoble bodies and ragged beards, from beyond the Red Cataract, have driven us from the fires and have killed many!"

The words were scarcely from his mouth before another man struck against him, making him reel from the door, only to be thrust aside by another and another and another, until all that remained of the watchmen stood in the centre of the hall, muddy and breathless, some pouring wine into horns from the great stone flagon that stood there, and some unhooking their bronze helmets and shields and swords from the pillars. The men about the

queen had already taken their helmets and shields and swords from pillars and walls, and were now armed; but the queen sat on straight and still, and Aodh half knelt before her, with bowed head, and touched the five-stringed cruit slowly and dreamily.

At last he rose with a sigh, and was about to mix among the men-at-arms when the queen leaned forward, and, taking him by the hand, said, in a low voice:

"O Aodh, promise me to sing the song before the morning, whether we be victors or weary fugitives!"

He turned, with a pale face, and answered:

"There are two little verses in my heart, two little drops in my flagon, and I swear by the Red Swineherd that I will pour them out before the morning for the Rose of my Desire, the Lily of my Peace, whether I have living lips or fade among the imponderable multitudes!"

Then he took down his wicker shield covered with hide, and his helmet and sword, from a pillar, and mixed among the crowd that poured, shouting, through the great door.

Nobody remained in the long room except the queen and her women and the foolish king, who slept on, with his head against a pillar.

After a little, they heard a far-off ringing of bronze upon bronze, and the dull thud of bronze upon hide, and the cries of men, and these continued for a long time, and then sank into the silence. When all was still, the queen took the five-stringed cruit upon her knees and began touching the strings fitfully and murmuring stray lines and phrases out of the love songs of Aodh; and so sat until about two hours before dawn, when the tramp of feet told the return of the men-at-arms. They came in slowly and wearily, and threw themselves down, clotted with blood as they were, some on the floor, some on the benches.

"We have slain the most, and the rest fled beyond the mountains," said the leader; "but there is no part of the way where there was not fighting, and we have left many behind us."

"Where is Aodh?" said one of the women.

"I saw his head taken oft with a sword," said the man.

The queen rose and passed silently out of the room, and, half crossing the space within the ditch, came where her horses were tethered, and bade the old man, who had charge of their harness and chariot, tell none, but come with her and seek for a dead man. They drove along the narrow track in the forest that had been trod by marauders, or by those sent to give them battle, for centuries; and saw the starlight glimmer upon the helmets and swords of dead men troubling a darkness which seemed heavy with a sleep older than the world. At last they came out upon the treeless place where the servile tribes had fought their last desperate battle before they broke. The old man tied the reins to a tree and lit a torch, and the two began to search among the dead. The crows, which had been tearing the bodies, rushed up into the air before them with loud cawing, and here and there the starlight glimmered on helmet or sword, or in pools of blood, or in the eyes of the dead.

Of a sudden, a sweet, tremulous song came from a bush near them. They hurried towards the spot, and saw a head hanging from the bush by its dark hair; and the head was singing, and this was the song it sung—

"Fasten your hair with a golden pin,
And bind up every wandering tress;
I bade my heart build these poor rhymes:
It worked at them day out, day in,
Building a sorrowful loveliness
Out of the battles of old times.

"You need but lift a pearl-pale hand,
And bind up your long hair and sigh;
And all men's hearts must burn and beat;
And candle-like foam on the dim sand,
And stars climbing the dew-dropping sky,
Live but to light your passing feet."

And then a troop of crows, heavy like fragments of that sleep older than the world, swept out of the darkness, and, as they passed, smote those ecstatic lips with the points of their wings, and the head fell from the bush and rolled over at the feet of the queen.

W. B. Yeats.

OF CRITICISM AND THE CRITIC

UNDER my window in the foggy, dripping street, those little imps, the newspaper-boys, are making the hour horrisonant with their yells. What voices the urchins develop, at what tender years! You and I, Mr. Editor, we could not advertise our wares so penetratingly, though we strove till our throats cracked over it. I hear there is a movement on foot for the suppression, or at least the discipline, of these too-raucous vendors of our news; and with all one's jealousy of the law's interference, it would be difficult reasonably, perhaps, to oppose this exercise of it. Yet, after all, how much are these rude and hideous cries of a piece with the thoroughfares they resound in, or, for the matter of that, with how much of our manners at large! You will remember a charming series of seventeenth-century engravings, by Hollar, portraying for us the street-cries of that day. Such picturesque gentlemen and ladies, they assuredly must have advertised and insinuated their goods with choice words and musical falls, daintily appropriate. Nay, I am, alas! old enough to recall out of the memory of childhood a lingering tradition of such things—the "Buy-a-broom," the "Buy my sweet, blooming lavender," girls. The latter cry may, indeed, yet be heard, now and again, actually here off Holborn, on an August morning; but its sweet strangeness has something almost too pathetic in it, so that its delicate melody seems to jar on one, as a Corot might on the hoarding of an underground station. I recollect running incontinent out into the street the first time it fell on my ears three years since. From a poor lad, painfully making way with his one leg and a crutch, came those musical tenor notes; and his apparently slight hold on life went far from amiss with that old-world fragrance, that old-world melody. Here, surely, was the last of a generation, a feeble relic, like a flame flickering

yet a moment or two, of vanished tastes and habits, an echo at its dying. Away, my poor fellow, out of this boisterousness and hurry; leave us, and flit away to the leisurely and quiet shades!

Not, indeed, that I would lend myself to the vulgarity of a mere shrewish scolding and belittling of our own day. That is a cheap indignation which leads a man to defame recklessly his age and country; nay, it is a scurvy trick, anyhow, to befoul one's own nest. When the tale of the centuries comes to be made up, I have little misgiving but that we nineteenth-century folk shall cut a decent-enough figure. But certainly it would be fanaticism, the drunkenness of a sheer conceit, to proclaim our time altogether, or indeed in some ways comparatively, as *in se ipso totus, teres, atque rotundus*. Those very providences which have been vouchsafed to give us our distinction, our scientific and mechanical advances, I mean, are, as yet, themselves the provocatives of certain blemishes in us, directly and indirectly. We have fed on strong and strange meat somewhat gluttonously, and suffer by consequence from an indigestion, as one might say. It is no sound appreciativeness, therefore, of our real condition, of our unquestionable virtues, which induces in some of us so determined a self-satisfaction, that either we deny the deficiencies detected in us, or treat them airily as of no moment. You shall have your friend Practicus hold you by the button in Shaftesbury Avenue, while he descants with enthusiasm on the improvements there of these past dozen years, and is moved even to some æsthetic fervour (for, somewhere in him, he, too, has a dormant sense of beauty) by that magical London atmosphere, which is for ever transmuting our world for us from mysterious glory to glory. Nor is it necessary, nor is it consonant with truth, to gainsay him; the most one can say is, that there seems to be another side to things. In some matters, Nature is the most indulgent mother imaginable; and however we deform our surroundings, she comes with her tender cunning and transfigures them into loveliness. To her effective resourcefulness there is, indeed, no end; she plays over our mean buildings, our reckless contrivances to secure convenience, or to trumpet our way in the world, and, as though she were saying to us, "You foolish little

creatures! you fancy beauty doesn't matter for you, and so it is in despite of you that I must work my miracles of grace," out of chaos she brings a charm unspeakable. Let us go down on our knees and thank her; but, also, let us have an eye to our own souls. The true citizen would fain see the thoroughfares of his town fine and fair of themselves, needing no trickery of light or mist to commend them. To-day it is pathetic to observe with what a makeshift we have come to be content. As we hurry to and fro 'twixt our paltry buildings, the last device we can hit upon to relieve their mean stupidity, to amuse ourselves amid their depression, to refresh ourselves amid the prevailing dirt and din, is to paper them with placards, staring, grotesque, salacious. How excellently with it all goes the ragamuffin yonder, shouting "Ixtree Speshall!" Dirty, ragged, cracked-voiced, impudent young scamp, how significant a product you are of our aims and methods! My poor, belated lavender-seller of the soft notes and the dulcet melody, your modesty is an anachronism, your tunefulness a discord, the ears that had leisure to listen to you have been dust this many a day.

But you remind me, Mr. Editor, that my title has something about "Criticism and the Critic." Ah! pardon me, I have been wandering afield; though not quite so far, perhaps, as you take it to be. However, I started on this communication with the thought of a newspaper in my head, a somewhat fresh variety of literary and artistic journal, the idea of which a friend suggests to me, and which it may be worth someone's while to consider. The characteristics of his adventure may be explained briefly. As the terms are ordinarily understood, this paper would have no principles and no policy. He proposes that the Editor should have no further care than to see that his writers possess individuality and can express it, and that they run him not into a libel-action. The writers shall have no further care than to say precisely what each of them thinks and feels on the matter in hand, unhampered by the least concern of supporting any tradition, or by a dread of contradicting, even flatly, what someone else, or their own selves, may have written in the same paper. Each of them, therefore, would have a free hand entirely, with that one proviso of blanching the

libel-court. He would write in the first person, and in the style his humour smiled upon at the moment. He would sign his article always, but sign it, as the whim took him, either with his name, or with a *nom-de-guerre*, or with an initial; and he would be free to change his signature as the occasion prompted him. Such, briefly, is my friend's proposal.

I conceive that the ideas working in his brain, and leading him to the above suggestions, are somewhat as follows; and though even to contemplate adding to the burden of our current journals is dangerously near to criminality, I confess to feeling some force in what I believe he would authorise me to set forth as the grounds of his position.

Somebody has somewhere said, that in criticism the great thing is for the critic to get himself out of the way. There is much pertinence in the remark; yet here, as so often, one may state precisely its opposite with a pertinence by no means less. Individuality is the one interesting, real thing in the universe. If a man is worth listening to at all (and, when one can get at him, I expect there breathes not a soul but is), let us hear what he thinks and feels, what he likes and hates, and let us hear it his own way. For the attainment of this end the tyranny of the editorial "we" is fatal; but fatal, too, is the antithesis, that on every occasion a man should write over his own signature, or over a signature known to be his. The ideal function of criticism is indeed to discern the true character of the thing criticised; but when we get off mere facts, as in the arts, such criticism is to mortals for the most part impossible; when we assume to deliver it we are ludicrously, irritatingly impertinent. To learn, however, how a man is affected by this or that specimen of the arts at the moment before him, entertains and stimulates me; and the entertainment, the stimulation, are heightened if he has time and opportunity to express himself to a nicety. In some ways, therefore, his written impression of such matters is of finer value and delight than even his conversation on them, for it is hardly less personal, while it is more considered, more clear and precise. My friend's insistence that in his proposed paper everybody shall write in the first person, but still over what signature or signatures he chooses,

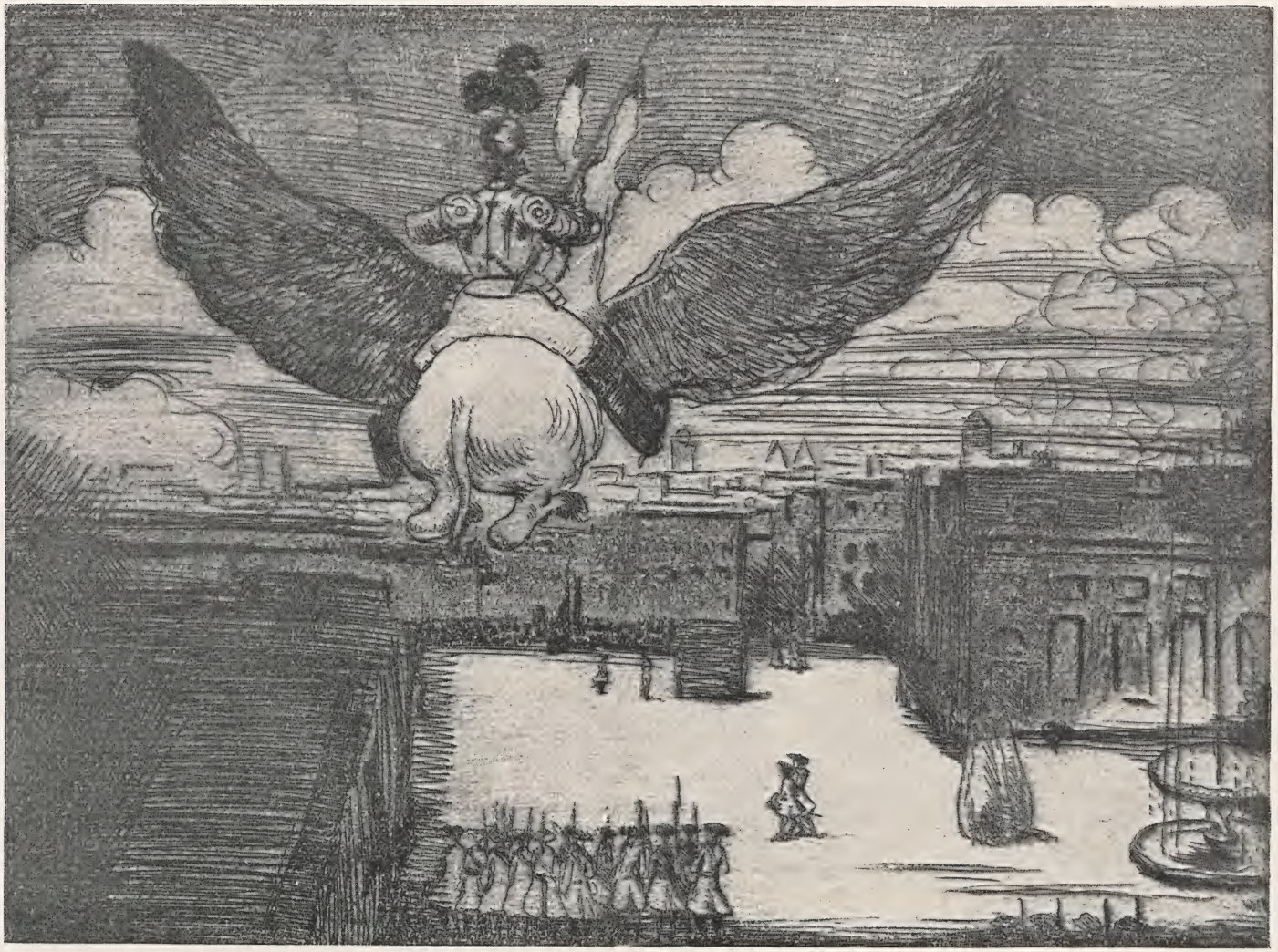
seems to secure at once an individuality of utterance, and to allow a man that freedom in expressing himself which, on occasion, is in danger, if his real name must serve for finale. I do not deny that it is foolish in us to be so under the spell of a mere pronoun, and of the magnificent, magisterial air accompanying it, as to let them appal us by their authority, or fret us into a petulant rebellion. We are aware that it is but a Mr. Jones or a Mr. Briggs swaggering under that pretentious mask; and if these gentlemen gave themselves such airs when we sat together, they would impose upon us no more than any other coxcomb. But human nature is weak, and much at the mercy of appearances. When Mr. Jones and Mr. Briggs stand, stripped of their mystery, face to face with us, we meet them on equal terms; and their credit, their limits of attraction, or of irritation, are proportioned fairly enough to their naked worth.

Selwyn Image.

A Scene from Voltaire's "La Pucelle"

Etched by

Will Rothenstein.



THE WANDERERS

WANDERING, ever wandering,
Their eyelids freshened with the wind of the sea
Blown up the cliffs at sunset, their cheeks cooled
With meditative shadows of hushed leaves
That have been drowsing in the woods all day,
And certain fires of sunrise in their eyes.

They wander, and the white roads under them
Crumble into fine dust behind their feet,
For they return not; life, a long white road,
Winds ever from the dark into the dark,
And they, as days, return not; they go on
For ever, with the travelling stars; the night
Curtains them, being wearied, and the dawn
Awakens them unwearied; they go on.
They know the winds of all the earth, they know
The dust of many highways, and the stones
Of cities set for landmarks on the road.
Theirs is the world, and all the glory of it,
Theirs, because they forego it, passing on
Into the freedom of the elements;
Wandering, ever wandering,
Because life holds not anything so good
As to be free of yesterday, and bound
Towards a new to-morrow; and they wend
Into a world of unknown faces, where

It may be there are faces waiting them,
Faces of friendly strangers, not the long
Intolerable monotony of friends.

The joy of earth is yours, O wanderers,
The only joy of the old earth, to wake,
As each new dawn is patiently renewed,
With foreheads fresh against a fresh young sky.
To be a little further on the road,
A little nearer somewhere, some few steps
Advanced into the future, and removed
By some few counted milestones from the past;
God gives you this good gift, the only gift
That God, being repentant, has to give.

Wanderers, you have the sunrise and the stars;
And we, beneath our comfortable roofs,
Lamplight, and daily fire upon the hearth,
And four walls of a prison, and sure food.
But God has given you freedom, wanderers!

ARTHUR SYMONS.

UNDER THE HILL

A ROMANTIC NOVEL

BY

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

WITH HIS ILLUSTRATIONS

CHAPTERS ONE, TWO AND THREE

"LA CHALEUR DU BRANDON VENUS"

Le Roman de la Rose, v. 22051

TO

THE MOST EMINENT AND REVEREND PRINCE

GIULIO POLDO PEZZOLI

CARDINAL OF THE HOLY ROMAN CHURCH

TITULAR BISHOP OF S. MARIA IN TRASTAVERE

ARCHBISHOP OF OSTIA AND VELLETRI

NUNCIO TO THE HOLY SEE

IN

NICARAGUA AND PATAGONIA

A FATHER TO THE POOR

A REFORMER OF ECCLESIASTICAL DISCIPLINE

A PATTERN OF LEARNING

WISDOM AND HOLINESS OF LIFE

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED WITH DUE REVERENCE

BY HIS HUMBLE SERVITOR

A SCRIVENER AND LIMNER OF WORLDLY THINGS

WHO MADE THIS BOOK

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

Most Eminent Prince,

I KNOW not by what mischance the writing of epistles dedicatory has fallen into disuse, whether through the vanity of authors or the humility of patrons. But the practice seems to me so very beautiful and becoming that I have ventured to make an essay in the modest art, and lay with formalities my first book at your feet. I have it must be confessed many fears lest I shall be arraigned of presumption in choosing so exalted a name as your own to place at the beginning of this history; but I hope that such a censure will not be too lightly passed upon me, for if I am guilty it is but of a most natural pride that the accidents of my life should allow me to sail the little pinnace of my wit under your protection.

But though I can clear myself of such a charge, I am still minded to use the tongue of apology, for with what face can I offer you a book treating of so vain and fantastical a thing as love? I know that in the judgment of many the amorous passion is accounted a shameful thing and ridiculous; indeed it must be confessed that more blushes have risen for love's sake than for any other cause and that lovers are an eternal laughing-stock. Still, as the book will be found to contain matter of deeper import than mere venery, inasmuch as it treats of the great contrition of its chiefest character, and of canonical things in certain pages, I am not without hopes that your Eminence will pardon my writing of a loving Abbé, for which extravagance let my youth excuse me.

Then I must crave your forgiveness for addressing you in a language other than the Roman, but my small freedom in Latinity forbids me to wander beyond the idiom of my vernacular. I would not for the world that your delicate Southern ear should be offended by a barbarous assault of rude and Gothic words; but methinks no language is rude that can boast polite writers, and not a few such have flourished in this country in times past, bringing our common speech to very great perfection. In the present age, alas! our pens are ravished by unlettered authors and unmannered critics, that make a havoc rather than a building, a wilderness rather than a garden. But, alack! what boots it to drop tears upon the preterit?

It is not of our own shortcomings though, but of your own great merits that I should speak, else I should be forgetful of the duties I have drawn upon myself in electing to address you in a dedication. It is of your noble virtues (though all the world know of 'em), your taste and wit, your care for letters, and very real regard for the arts that I must be the proclaimer.

Though it be true that all men have sufficient wit to pass a judgment on this or that, and not a few sufficient impudence to print the same (these last being commonly accounted critics), I have ever held that the critical faculty is more rare than the inventive. It is a faculty your

Eminence possesses in so great a degree that your praise or blame is something oracular, your utterance infallible as great genius or as a beautiful woman. Your mind, I know, rejoicing in fine distinctions and subtle procedures of thought, beautifully discursive rather than hastily conclusive, has found in criticism its happiest exercise. It is a pity that so perfect a Mecænas should have no Horace to befriend, no Georgics to accept; for the offices and function of patron or critic must of necessity be lessened in an age of little men and little work. In times past it was nothing derogatory for great princes and men of State to extend their loves and favour to poets, for thereby they received as much honour as they conferred. Did not Prince Festus with pride take the masterwork of Julian into his protection, and was not the Æneis a pretty thing to offer Cæsar?

Learning without appreciation is a thing of naught, but I know not which is greatest in you—your love of the arts, or your knowledge of 'em. What wonder then that I am studious to please you, and desirous of your protection. How deeply thankful I am for your past affections you know well, your great kindness and liberality having far outgone my slight merits and small accomplishment that seemed scarce to warrant any favour. Alas! 'tis a slight offering I make you now, but if after glancing into its pages (say of an evening upon your terrace) you should deem it worthy of the remotest place in your princely library, the knowledge that it rested there would be reward sufficient for my labours, and a crowning happiness to my pleasure in the writing of this slender book.

The humble and obedient servant of your Eminence,

AUBREY BEARDSLEY.

UNDER THE HILL

CHAPTER I

THE Abbé Fanfreluche, having lighted off his horse, stood doubtfully for a moment beneath the ombre gateway of the mysterious Hill, troubled with an exquisite fear lest a day's travel should have too cruelly undone the laboured niceness of his dress. His hand, slim and gracious as La Marquise du Deffand's in the drawing by Carmontelle, played nervously about the gold hair that fell upon his shoulders like a finely-curled peruke, and from point to point of a precise toilet the fingers wandered, quelling the little mutinies of cravat and ruffle.

It was taper-time; when the tired earth puts on its cloak of mists and shadows, when the enchanted woods are stirred with light footfalls and slender voices of the fairies, when all the air is full of delicate influences, and even the beaux, seated at their dressing-tables, dream a little.

A delicious moment, thought Fanfreluche, to slip into exile.

The place where he stood waved drowsily with strange flowers, heavy with perfume, dripping with odours. Gloomy and nameless weeds not to be found in Mentzelius. Huge moths, so richly winged they must have banqueted upon tapestries and royal stuffs, slept on the pillars that flanked either side of the gateway, and the eyes of all the moths remained open and were burning and bursting with a mesh of veins. The pillars were fashioned in some pale stone and rose up like hymns in the praise of pleasure, for from cap to base, each one was carved with loving sculptures, showing such a cunning invention and such a curious knowledge, that Fanfreluche lingered not a little in reviewing them. They surpassed all that Japan has ever pictured from her maisons vertes, all that was ever painted in the cool bath-rooms of Cardinal La Motte, and even outdid the astonishing illustrations to Jones's "Nursery Numbers."

"THE RAPE OF THE LOCK"

BY

ALEXANDER POPE

ILLUSTRATED BY

AUBREY BEARDSLEY

January 1896

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"A pretty portal," murmured the Abbé, correcting his sash.

As he spoke, a faint sound of singing was breathed out from the mountain, faint music as strange and distant as sea-legends that are heard in shells.

"The Vespers of Helen, I take it," said Fanfreluche, and struck a few chords of accompaniment, ever so lightly, upon his little lute. Softly across the spell-bound threshold the song floated and wreathed itself about the subtle columns, till the moths were touched with passion and moved quaintly in their sleep. One of them was awakened by the intenser notes of the Abbé's lute-strings, and fluttered into the cave. Fanfreluche felt it was his cue for entry.

"Adieu," he exclaimed with an inclusive gesture, and "good-bye, Madonna," as the cold circle of the moon began to show, beautiful and full of enchantments. There was a shadow of sentiment in his voice as he spoke the words.

"Would to heaven," he sighed, "I might receive the assurance of a looking-glass before I make my début! However, as she is a Goddess, I doubt not her eyes are a little sated with perfection, and may not be displeased to see it crowned with a tiny fault."

A wild rose had caught upon the trimmings of his ruff, and in the first flush of displeasure he would have struck it brusquely away, and most severely punished the offending flower. But the ruffled mood lasted only a moment, for there was something so deliciously incongruous in the hardy petal's invasion of so delicate a thing, that Fanfreluche withheld the finger of resentment and vowed that the wild rose should stay where it had clung —a passport, as it were, from the upper to the under world.

"The very excess and violence of the fault," he said, "will be its excuse"; and, undoing a tangle in the tassel of his stick, stepped into the shadowy corridor that ran into the bosom of the wan hill—stepped with the admirable aplomb and unwrinkled suavity of Don John.

CHAPTER II

Before a toilet that shone like the altar of Nôtre Dame des Victoires, Helen was seated in a little dressing-gown of black and heliotrope. The coiffeur Cosmé was caring for her scented chevelure, and with tiny silver tongs, warm from the caresses of the flame, made delicious intelligent curls that fell as lightly as a breath about her forehead and over her eyebrows, and clustered like tendrils round her neck. Her three favourite girls, Pappelarde, Blanchemains and Loreyne, waited immediately upon her with perfume and powder in delicate flaçons and frail cassolettes, and held in porcelain jars the ravishing paints prepared by Châteline for those cheeks and lips that had grown a little pale with anguish of exile. Her three favourite boys, Claud, Clair and Sarrasine, stood amorously about with salver, fan and napkin. Millamant held a slight tray of slippers, Minette some tender gloves, La Popelinière — mistress of the robes — was ready with a frock of yellow and yellow, La Zambinella bore the jewels, Florizel some flowers, Amadour a box of various pins, and Vadius a box of sweets. Her doves, ever in attendance, walked about the room that was panelled with the gallant paintings of Jean Baptiste Dorat, and some dwarfs and doubtful creatures sat here and there lolling out their tongues, pinching each other, and behaving oddly enough. Sometimes Helen gave them little smiles.

As the toilet was in progress, Mrs. Marsuple, the fat manicure and fardeuse, strode in and seated herself by the side of the dressing-table, greeting Helen with an intimate nod. She wore a gown of white watered silk with gold lace trimmings, and a velvet necklet of false vermilion. Her hair hung in bandeaux over her ears, passing into a huge chignon at the back of her head, and the hat, wide-brimmed and hung with a vallance of pink muslin, was floral with red roses.

Mrs. Marsuple's voice was full of salacious unction; she had terrible little gestures with the hands, strange movements with the shoulders, a short respiration that made surprising wrinkles in her bodice, a corrupt skin, large horny eyes, a parrot's nose, a small loose mouth, great flaccid cheeks, and chin after chin. She was a wise person, and Helen loved her more than any

other of her servants, and had a hundred pet names for her, such as Dear Toad, Pretty Poll, Cock Robin, Dearest Lip, Touchstone, Little Cough Drop, Bijou, Buttons, Dear Heart, Dick-dock, Mrs. Manly, Little Nipper, Cochon-de-lait, Naughty-naughty, Blessèd Thing, and Trump. The talk that passed between Mrs. Marsuple and her mistress was of that excellent kind that passes between old friends, a perfect understanding giving to scraps of phrases their full meaning, and to the merest reference a point. Naturally Fanfreluche the newcomer was discussed a little. Helen had not seen him yet, and asked a score of questions on his account that were delightfully to the point.

The report and the coiffing were completed at the same moment.

"Cosmé," said Helen, "you have been quite sweet and quite brilliant, you have surpassed yourself to-night."

"Madam flatters me," replied the antique old thing, with a girlish giggle under his black satin mask. "Gad, Madam; sometimes I believe I have no talent in the world, but to-night I must confess to a touch of the vain mood."

It would pain me horribly to tell you about the painting of her face; suffice it that the sorrowful work was accomplished; frankly, magnificently, and without a shadow of deception.

Helen slipped away the dressing-gown, and rose before the mirror in a flutter of frilled things. She was adorably tall and slender. Her neck and shoulders were wonderfully drawn, and the little malicious breasts were full of the irritation of loveliness that can never be entirely comprehended, or ever enjoyed to the utmost. Her arms and hands were loosely, but delicately articulated, and her legs were divinely long. From the hip to the knee, twenty-two inches; from the knee to the heel, twenty-two inches, as befitted a Goddess. Those who have seen Helen only in the Vatican, in the Louvre, in the Uffizi, or in the British Museum, can have no idea how very beautiful and sweet she looked. Not at all like the lady in "Lemprière."

Mrs. Marsuple grew quite lyric over the dear little person, and pecked at her arms with kisses.

"Dear Tongue, you must really behave yourself," said Helen, and called Millamant to bring her the slippers.

The tray was freighted with the most exquisite and shapely pantoufles, sufficient to make Cluny a place of naught. There were shoes of grey and black and brown suède, of white silk and rose satin, and velvet and sarcenet; there were some of sea-green sewn with cherry blossoms, some of red with willow branches, and some of grey with bright-winged birds. There were heels of silver, of ivory, and of gilt; there were buckles of very precious stones set in most strange and esoteric devices; there were ribbons tied and twisted into cunning forms; there were buttons so beautiful that the button-holes might have no pleasure till they closed upon them; there were soles of delicate leathers scented with maréchale, and linings of soft stuffs scented with the juice of July flowers. But Helen, finding none of them to her mind, called for a discarded pair of blood-red maroquin, diapered with pearls. These looked very distinguished over her white silk stockings.

Meantime, La Popelinière stepped forward with the frock.

"I shan't wear one to-night," said Helen. Then she slipped on her gloves.

When the toilet was at an end all her doves clustered round her feet loving to frôler her ankles with their plumes, and the dwarfs clapped their hands, and put their fingers between their lips and whistled. Never before had Helen been so radiant and compelling. Spiridion, in the corner, looked up from his game of Spellicans and trembled.

Just then, Pranzmungel announced that supper was ready upon the fifth terrace. "Ah!" cried Helen, "I'm famished!"

CHAPTER III

She was quite delighted with Fanfreluche, and, of course, he sat next her at supper.

The terrace, made beautiful with a thousand vain and fantastical things, and set with a hundred tables and four hundred couches, presented a truly

splendid appearance. In the middle was a huge bronze fountain with three basins. From the first rose a many-breasted dragon and four little loves mounted upon swans, and each love was furnished with a bow and arrow. Two of them that faced the monster seemed to recoil in fear, two that were behind made bold enough to aim their shafts at him. From the verge of the second sprang a circle of slim golden columns that supported silver doves with tails and wings spread out. The third, held by a group of grotesquely attenuated satyrs, was centered with a thin pipe hung with masks and roses and capped with children's heads.

From the mouths of the dragon and the loves, from the swans' eyes, from the breasts of the doves, from the satyrs' horns and lips, from the masks at many points, and from the childrens' curls, the water played profusely, cutting strange arabesques and subtle figures.

The terrace was lit entirely by candles. There were four thousand of them, not numbering those upon the tables. The candlesticks were of a countless variety, and smiled with moulded cochonneries. Some were twenty feet high, and bore single candles that flared like fragrant torches over the feast, and guttered till the wax stood round the tops in tall lances. Some, hung with dainty petticoats of shining lustres, had a whole bevy of tapers upon them devised in circles, in pyramids, in squares, in cuneiforms, in single lines regimentally and in crescents.

Then on quaint pedestals and Terminal Gods and gracious pilasters of every sort, were shell-like vases of excessive fruits and flowers that hung about and burst over the edges and could never be restrained. The orange-trees and myrtles, looped with vermilion sashes, stood in frail porcelain pots, and the rose-trees were wound and twisted with superb invention over trellis and standard. Upon one side of the terrace a long gilded stage for the comedians was curtained off with Pagonian tapestries, and in front of it the music-stands were placed.

The tables arranged between the fountain and the flight of steps to the sixth terrace were all circular, covered with white damask, and strewn with irises, roses, kingcups, colombines, daffodils, carnations and lilies; and the

couches, high with soft cushions and spread with more stuffs than could be named, had fans thrown upon them.

Beyond the escalier stretched the gardens, which were designed so elaborately and with so much splendour that the architect of the Fêtes d'Armailhacq could have found in them no matter for cavil, and the still lakes strewn with profuse barges full of gay flowers and wax marionettes, the alleys of tall trees, the arcades and cascades, the pavilions, the grottoes and the garden-gods—all took a strange tinge of revelry from the glare of the light that fell upon them from the feast.

The frockless Helen and Fanfreluche, with Mrs. Marsuple and Claude and Clair, and Farcy, the chief comedian, sat at the same table. Fanfreluche, who had doffed his travelling suit, wore long black silk stockings, a pair of pretty garters, a very elegant ruffled shirt, slippers and a wonderful dressing-gown; and Farcy was in ordinary evening clothes. As for the rest of the company, it boasted some very noticeable dresses, and whole tables of quite delightful coiffures. There were spotted veils that seemed to stain the skin, fans with eye-slits in them, through which the bearers peeped and peered; fans painted with figures and covered with the sonnets of Sporion and the short stories of Scaramouch; and fans of big, living moths stuck upon mounts of silver sticks. There were masks of green velvet that make the face look trebly powdered; masks of the heads of birds, of apes, of serpents, of dolphins, of men and women, of little embryons and of cats; masks like the faces of gods; masks of coloured glass, and masks of thin talc and of india-rubber. There were wigs of black and scarlet wools, of peacocks' feathers, of gold and silver threads, of swansdown, of the tendrils of the vine, and of human hair; huge collars of stiff muslin rising high above the head; whole dresses of ostrich feathers curling inwards; tunics of panthers' skins that looked beautiful over pink tights; capotes of crimson satin trimmed with the wings of owls; sleeves cut into the shapes of apocryphal animals; drawers flounced down to the ankles, and flecked with tiny, red roses; stockings clocked with fêtes galantes, and curious designs; and petticoats cut like artificial flowers. Some of the women had put on delightful little moustaches dyed in purples and bright

greens, twisted and waxed with absolute skill; and some wore great white beards, after the manner of Saint Wilgeforte. Then Dorat had painted extraordinary grotesques and vignettes over their bodies, here and there. Upon a cheek, an old man scratching his horned head; upon a forehead, an old woman teased by an impudent amor; upon a shoulder, an amorous singerie; round a breast, a circlet of satyrs; about a wrist, a wreath of pale, unconscious babes; upon an elbow, a bouquet of spring flowers; across a back, some surprising scenes of adventure; at the corners of a mouth, tiny red spots; and upon a neck, a flight of birds, a caged parrot, a branch of fruit, a butterfly, a spider, a drunken dwarf, or, simply, some initials.

The supper provided by the ingenious Rambouillet was quite beyond parallel. Never had he created a more exquisite menu. The *consommé impromptu* alone would have been sufficient to establish the immortal reputation of any chef. What, then, can I say of the *Dorade bouillie sauce maréchale*, the *ragoût aux langues de carpes*, the *ramereaux à la charnière*, the *ciboulette de gibier à l'espagnole*, the *pâté de cuisses d'oie aux pois de Monsalvie*, the *queues d'agneau au clair de lune*, the *artichauts à la grecque*, the *charlotte de pommes à la Lucy Waters*, the *bombes à la marée*, and the *glaces aux rayons d'or?* A veritable tour de cuisine that surpassed even the famous little suppers given by the Marquis de Réchale at Passy, and which the Abbé Mirliton pronounced "impeccable, and too good to be eaten."

Ah! Pierre Antoine Berquin de Rambouillet; you are worthy of your divine mistress!

Mere hunger quickly gave place to those finer instincts of the pure gourmet, and the strange wines, cooled in buckets of snow, unloosed all the décolleté spirits of astonishing conversation and atrocious laughter.

As the courses advanced, the conversation grew bustling and more personal. Pulex and Cyril, and Marisca and Cathelin, opened a fire of raillery, and a thousand amatory follies of the day were discussed.

From harsh and shrill and clamant, the voices grew blurred and inarticulate. Bad sentences were helped out by worse gestures, and at one table Scabius expressed himself like the famous old knight in the first part

of the "Soldier's Fortune" of Otway. Bassalissa and Lysistrata tried to pronounce each other's names, and became very affectionate in the attempt; and Tala, the tragedian, robed in roomy purple, and wearing plume and buskin, rose to his feet, and, with swaying gestures, began to recite one of his favourite parts. He got no further than the first line, but repeated it again and again, with fresh accents and intonations each time, and was only silenced by the approach of the asparagus that was being served by satyrs dressed in white.

LEONARD
SMITHERS

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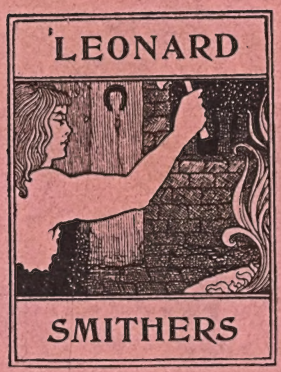
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